

# Light of Truth.

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## Led to the Light.

By HUDSON TUTTLE.

### CHAPTER II. FORDHAM.

Fordham, the scene of this historical sketch, was located on the high banks of a river, while a few miles below entered one of the great northern lakes. Its citizens were from New England and copied closely the style of architecture of a factory village. It had had a career, for when the forest primeval shaded its streets and there was scarcely a break in the "continuity of shade" for hundreds of miles, the "boomer" came, surveyed streets, avenues, and lots, and made a plot of the "city" which resembled a map of a great metropolis. Lots were sold by the foot for more than would have purchased a square mile of forest adjoining the corporation. Ware houses and stores were erected and fine residences, magnificent compared with the log cabins of the early settlers. Fortunes were made by those who sold, and the bubble burst, leaving those who had purchased stranded and obliged to remain and grow up with the town. That was a slow process. They had to learn the lesson so many others have been forced to receive, that commercial centres grow, and can not be created to order. There was no demand for a town where Fordham was located, until made by the occupation of the country around it. While awaiting this development the city lots were allowed to be a part of the common, overrun with weeds, where the village cows pastured the scant grass. The buildings grew dilapidated, and grass grew in the streets. The town was saved from utter ruin by the boomers getting the county-seat there and the public buildings erected before the collapse. It was a most undesirable place for that purpose, but the expense of new buildings prevented the removal to a more central town. The court-house was the centre of a clique of officers who thought they owned the county, and its stately dome was the pride of Fordham. The pride of Fordham was an inestimable article, for its citizens never forgot the booming of its glory, how its corn-fields and potato-patches, sold per foot more than it would per acre. Their present solid growth was due to the brilliancy of the "city."

There were two churches with strict lines drawn between them. Even the Sunday schools were distant, for a union school was abhorrent. Either church would have held the usual congregations of both and room to spare. Had individual support been given to one of these churches, it would have been maintained in excellent style, but there were points of doctrine which came in the way; on which either church argued that salvation depended. To one uninterested these did not appear important, more than if the katy-dids began their monotonous song last year with a "did" or a "didn't," but to one reared in a Methodist or Congregationalist home, taught in a Sunday school, who had year after year listened to doctrinal sermons, a shade of belief is of importance in the ratio of the slightness of its variation. Fordham had two weak churches instead of one strong one, and a third edifice had reached the laying of the foundations to satisfy a smaller faction who were not quite satisfied with baptism, unless by immersion. When the stone foundation was half finished the masons struck for their pay, which they did not get from the empty treasury, and the enclosure of that church "underpinning" year after year was a hot-bed for rank weeds which flaunted their drowsy heads and red berries, after the fashion of the rank dogmas which would have been taught there had money been as plentiful as zeal.

The two churches would have lived at a dying rate had not competition come in and proved itself the life of Churches as well as of trade.

The Congregational Church was one of the oldest landmarks, and its erection by the early pioneers must have cost a great sacrifice. It was of brick with a lofty steeple supporting a dome above which, on a spire, was a gilded globe. The bell was the pride of the town, for its soft, deep tones heard for many a mile on Sunday mornings.

The Methodist Church was less pretentious, and both were becoming decidedly unkempt, for the members had all their spare means taken for the support of the preachers. The Methodist sisters became ashamed of the shabby appearance of their edifice, and by a series of dime socials, procured the means to paint it like a whitened sepulchre. They gave an oyster supper and were able to procure a desk, ornamental Bible, and carpet for the platform. This aroused the Congregational sisters, and they held a fair, and by the enticements of a grab-bag, fish-pond, and booths, where attractive salesmen sold nothings for exorbitant prices, they were able not only to re-paint but to paper wall and ceiling, and carpet the isles with a rug so soft that the footfall of the tardy sinner made no disturbing sound.

Adjoining the Congregational Church was the parsonage, a plain unpretentious building, with porch in front and green blinds. Either side the walk were shrubs and flowers, well cared for, and on the porch were foliage, plants, and tea roses, all showing the care of one loving flower. If flowers symbolized love, they feed upon it, and their successful growth depends on the love with which they are cared for. Trained over one corner of the porch was a clematis, its slender branches trailing and drooping, purple with leafy bloom, and on the other a honeysuckle filled the air with fragrance.

This was the house of the Rev. James Arling, where four years before, in answer to a call from the Church, he had come with his young wife to work in the fields of the Lord ripe for the harvest. He was a man of fine physique, but slenderly formed and delicately moulded. His features were clear-cut, with straight, prominent nose, a clear eye, and broad forehead. He emphatically was an adopted child of the Church. It had taken him when penniless, educated and passed him through a theological school. All he was he owed to her. He had imbibed religion with his study of the Bible and of creeds. It was to him like the study of Greek or of Euclid. He accepted on authority and did not pause to question. There was no time to doubt, and the atmosphere of the college suppressed individuality. The professors talked only of the past. Old books were studied and taken as authority, and opinions, not in conformity thereto, were set down as heretical. Scientific schools offer prizes for new

ideas, for research, and discovery. Theological schools give their prizes to the students who have the greatest capacity for swallowing antique dust. Mr. Arling was a favorite with the faculty, and was first in the ranks of the graduates for his piety, attainments, and ability as a speaker.

When Fordham sent a call for a minister, the faculty gave the preference to Arling with highest commendations. When he had become established he married the daughter of the professor of theology, a lovely girl who was possessed of a fervent spiritual nature. She was a perfect blond, inherited from Germanic ancestors, with eyes blue as violets, and hair of glossy gold. Her mother named her Asphodel, and the name of the flower said to grow on the borders of paradise seemed not incongruous when thus applied.

To them married life had been a dream of joy. There had been the usual difficulties pastors meet with in adjustment to their Churches, and at times the sisters had sought to throw greater responsibilities on her than she felt able to bear, but on the whole the tide had set evenly and borne them in pleasant places. Mr. Arling was popular. He was eloquent, because of his earnestness and devotion. The attendance was rapidly increasing. Those who rarely before attended came, and the hangers-on at the Methodist Church were drawn away. That Fordham never before had such a minister was admitted at the sewing society by the old cronies who always found fault instead of praising, and the sage frequenters at the groceries and post-office affirmed reluctantly that it was worth the effort to attend. Usually it was added that he was too good to stay in the town and that he would soon be called to the city. It may be here remarked that preceding the coming of Mr. Arling, Fordham had had the usual experience of a church with empty pews. The deacons wrote to the theological college for supply, and Sunday after Sunday the fledgling theologians came and tried their wings. It was fine practice for them but severe on the Church. Had it not been so pitiful it would have been laughable. The theologians as such have no ideas later than the Church fathers and John Calvin, of the grand flood of thought furnished by science, he knows nothing. He has been crammed but not digested. In fact he has been on material utterly indigestible. All he can do or is expected to do, or allowed, is to repeat what he has learned, and the trouble is he has not learned anything that will stand the light of investigation, for the more one knows of theology the less he is certain of. Mr. Arling was more than a theologian, and his audience at once appreciated the difference. He had a fresh individuality which asserted itself in defiance of the dry forms of belief. There was a warmth and glow in his language, and the people went away renewed and strengthened, they knew not how or why.

It was Sunday evening after the long day's task was finished that Mr. Arling sat in an easy chair in his parlor resting from his labor. The room was tastefully but not elegantly furnished. Skillful hands had draped the cheap curtains and the artistic eye had adjusted the colors of paper, carpet, and furniture. The paintings on the wall declared the work of an amateur, yet one with more than common talent. It was Spring-time, and the soft air came laden with the sweet breath of orchards, of bloom, and budding leaf, through the open windows. On the centre table were a few books, gifts of friends, above it hung a lamp, its cut pendants breaking the light in rainbow glints. Mr. Arling had thrown off his clerical coat, and put on a light dressing gown, Mrs. Arling sat near, holding a child of two years in her lap. A beautiful child with her mother's face and her father's eyes.

"The Sunday service presses hard on you, James," said the wife in a sweetly modulated voice.

"Very, I break the commandment every Sunday. I deprecate work on that day and preach vehemently against its sinfulness, and then make it a task day for myself."

"The Church makes large demands on us both, and I sometimes feel disheartened, for they are never satisfied."

"Oh, my Asphodel," he said, laughing, "you are too good to bloom this side of paradise. The winds are too rude here, and those that blow off the plains of the Church bring a chill even to me at times. By the way, how fare you as president of the Benevolent Society?"

"I wish you would speak about it at the next Church meeting and have one more competent given the place."

"Too much honor for my Asphodel! I fear there is no one else who is as successful a beggar as you—a poor compliment. Aye, it is, so let us give business the go-by. I'll speak about it, and those who are anxious may have the work. She is awake. I must take her and kiss her. Come, baby mine! Come to papa."

The baby reached out her chubby arms in delight for she knew that it was the signal for a ride on her father's arms. She bubbled over with mirth and enjoyment, caught her dimpled hands in his hair and called him to stop at the door or window that she might look out on the shadowy landscape above which the full moon hung like a great lantern, flooding the world with mellow light.

"See dare!" exclaimed the little pet, "give it me!" she cried extending to the utmost her arms as though she would grasp it.

"You are a greedy baby," laughingly said her mother. "You can not have it, Flo, for we can not reach it!"

"Yes, yes, I must have it!"

Her father turned away, kissing her, to call her attention, and said: "We are all alike. We want the unattainable, and make prayer a desecration and a mockery by asking God for favors impossible to grant."

"There were steps on the walk and the pretty scene was disturbed by the presence at the door of Deacon Lane.

After the usual formalities, the conversation came to a pause and we have time to observe the new personality. Deacon Lane was heavy in build, his round, bushy head set on a short, thick neck, gave him a bovine aspect, a similarity farther maintained by his deep husky voice. He was an early pioneer, having emigrated from the Nutmeg State into the wilderness when a young man, and his strength had been tested in the struggle of subduing the wild and resisting the insidious forms of disease. Deacon Lane in worldly affairs had made a great advance from the youth, who, fifty years before, came to Fordham, walking the 800 miles from his native town, but mentally he had not taken a step, as he had been taught in his childhood so he remained, and the "New England Primer" was his creed. He was as bigoted and intolerant on temperance as on religion, a prohibitionist who voted that ticket, although the only man in the nation doing

so. Those who did not advocate prohibition were dishonest and inclined to immorality.

The pause in the conversation was becoming painful, for even the obtuse mind of the deacon saw faintly the intrusion of his mission. At length he broke out: "I came in, I parson Arling, on a rather delicate errand. We have been talking over your morning sermon, and it seems to us older members that you are not keeping squarely in the true road."

"Is what respect?" asked the amazed minister.

"You are not doctrinal enough. You see, your preaching is all fair-weather preaching. I've been listening now nigh on four years, I haven't heard a word from you about eternal damnation, you have not mentioned the devil any more than if he did not exist."

"That may be true," replied Mr. Arling, scarcely knowing whether to be amused or warned of coming trouble. "I have preached the gospel of love as taught by Jesus Christ, and endeavored to get as much light and joy out of the Word as possible, for there is always darkness, and grief will come."

"That is just it. You are for fair weather. You drift toward heaven and you ought to sail over hell. There is too much love in the world. You ought to hold up the avenging power of Jehovah! You apologize for sin, while he smites remorselessly. What we want is for you to preach like ministers used to. We have got our church fixed up too fine, with a furnace to warm the air, and cushioned seats! What would the ministers have said in a New England church, where a fire was regarded as ungodly, though the winds whistled down below zero? They knew how to preach, and rolled out the fiery damnation of the wicked to warm their hearers, and make the hard benches easy to bear."

"The times have changed, and other forms of speech are more pleasing," softly interrupted Mr. Arling.

"Changed!" The exclamation was a snort of contempt! "Changed! Yes, and there is little good in the preaching. Why don't you paint the fires of eternal wrath, and show how Satan stalks up and down the earth, and drive souls into the Church? Do you believe in a devil at all?"

This was a question Mr. Arling preferred not to answer. He, in common with the professors who taught him, had doubts, and quietly escaped the issue by leaving the old beliefs on the shelf. Now to be asked pointedly, and to have his position perhaps endangered by his answer, was an unexpected situation. He looked appealingly to his wife, as most men do in critical situations. Woman is set down as weaker in body and mind, yet man in greatest stress appeals to her quick judgment, and not in vain.

"The apostles, Deacon Lane," responded Asphodel gently, "were not commanded to preach the devil, but Christ and him crucified, so my husband is justified, is he not?"

To Deacon Lane a Bible text was authority from which there was no appeal, except to a counter-text and such a text for the moment he could not recall. He had suddenly run on a rock and his argument was wrecked. Gathering himself up he said:

"It is not after the old way, and religion is religion and can not change. There has been a good deal said about your sermons. You make religion too easy a matter and let sinners ride to glory unscotched. And then there is another thing. When have you preached against intemperance? There are several saloons in this town and well patronized. It is your duty as gospel minister to preach a crusade against them, preach until fire and brimstone is rained down from heaven on them. You ought to take an active part with the Prohibition Party."

Mr. Arling was relieved from his embarrassing position by an unexpected arrival.

As the deacon paused, a shuffling step was heard, and without ceremony a man entered. He might have been young or old, his face, in its flabby wrinkles, was of age, his long, black, tangled hair was of youth. His step was unsteady, reeling of a drunken man. With a leer in his eyes he glanced around the room and furtively at the deacon, who became ill at ease the moment he appeared.

"Be seated, Waldro," said Mr. Arling kindly. "You are out late to-night."

"Yaas."

"What are you here for?" asked the deacon sternly.

"Biz—niz," was the slow response.

"Your son is in better health, is he not?" asked Asphodel. His son! No word struck Deacon Lane like that. It was a shame to have such a son. In his heart he had wished him dead countless times.

"My son is in good health," he replied mechanically. "Providence has dealt hard by me. My only son! Why was I called to bear such an affliction?"

Providence! It was a mystery! That son was thirty years of age. Two years before his birth the deacon was led astray by some friends and became for several years a hard drinker. Whiskey was cheap and abundant, and he had a barrel of it in his cellar. Had he drank at a saloon he would have been in the gutter half his time. Drinking at home he could conceal himself. During this period Waldro was born. If babies have rights to a healthy constitution and mental endowments, he was bereft of them, for he came into the world a sot. He was five years old before he could walk, and then reeled like a drunken man. With tears his mother sought to teach him to speak, and each word cost her hours of effort. His disposition was uncertain and changeable. He was usually affectionate, but when the most gentle he would be instantly seized with brutal desires, strike, scratch, or bite his nearest friends, and shriek like a wild animal. His appetite for intoxicating liquors was so intense that he had to be carefully guarded, and even then at times by the most crafty cunning he would obtain drink and become intoxicated. His father suffered through his pride, his mother through her love, which made her son dear to her in the ratio of his unfortunate condition.

Providence! The deacon was absolutely ignorant of the laws and conditions which controls pre-natal life. He might have read that the children's teeth were set on edge by the parents eating sour grapes, but he received that in a moral sense. The sinful body was an accident not worth caring for. His only reading had been a chapter from the Bible every morning, and that was more worshipful than instructive. Children are from God, and we must take as many and of such character as he chooses to give was his belief, and hence he was constantly asking himself: Why God inflicted such a son on him. That Biblical doctrine has made man less

thoughtful of the rearing of children than of horses and cattle. It is a thought of to-day that the conditions preceding birth make the child what it is, and not the intervention of God. It is a thought of to-day that giving existence to a child, both on the part of the father and mother, bears with it responsibilities infinite as the possibilities the life of that child compasses, and if there be failure, moral deformity, mental imbecility, or physical wreck, the parents directly or by inherited taint are responsible.

Less Bible and more knowledge would have solved the mystery in the deacon's mind. He had his own. He had duplicated himself at his worst, when he ought to have transmitted his best. He had inflicted an inexpressible wrong on the mother and blasted the life of his son; blighted his earthly life and darkened it into the fathomless future—an infinite wrong.

It is a relief to have Providence as a scape-goat for ignorance and its resulting crimes. It is a severe trial to walk out of the easy path when Providence and a Redeemer atones, and meet the stern responsibility for all actions.

"Baby!" exclaimed Waldro, arising and reaching out his arms.

"Do not let him touch it, or he will dash it down," excitedly cried the deacon.

The mother instinctively drew aside, but baby Flo put up her arms and called out: "Take me!"

Waldro turned to his father: "There is—is a—fire," and then he fell limply into a chair.

"You are drunk again!" exclaimed the deacon indignantly. Where did you get liquor? Who dared give it to you?"

"Helped myself at Brown's. He'll not kick me again for it. I've set him afire." He spoke as one unconscious that he was confessing to a crime, and with a satisfied leer on his face.

"You set him afire?"

"I said. Carried a beer-bottle of coal oil from home, poured it over the floor in the back room and whiz—she went! Ha, ha!" he laughed in tone of vice.

Before the surprise conveyed by his words found expression, the tones of the church bell, the deep, resonant bell, rang sharply its vail, almost articulating the cry of "fire, fire, fire."

The little group sprang to the window and saw a red tongue of flame shooting up from a disreputable saloon at the end of a block of stores. There were wild cries on the street, hurrying feet and every citizen able to give assistance was soon present. The fire company that had paraded the streets with applause, brought out its engine to find the hose too short to reach the water supply. When this was remedied the valves were rusted and the pump failed. That is the way of village fire engines. They throw water over the tallest trees and deluge the streets on exhibition, but when there is a fire they are weak in the joints, have congestion of the valves, a constitutional break-down, and the bucket brigade is the last resort. The saloon wherein old Brown had stood behind the bar for a score of years and grown ponderous, burned like a mass of straw. The wind blew strongly and the stores were quickly ablaze, and burned without hindrance. Across the street were several saloons, which had for a generation dealt out infamy and ruin to all who came. The Churches had united in prayers to have them removed, and the crusading women had knelt before them for days in supplication. There was not a member who did not pray then and there that the wind might throw a burning brand across and wipe out with flame the plague-spot of the town. There was beyond the saloons an area covered with old rookeries used for livery stables and storage. The sparks fell thick and fast over the roofs, but neither saloons nor stables caught fire. Beyond the stables was a wide common of deserted land, and on the farther side the Congregational Church.

The fire had burned low, there was no more danger, and the crowd began to disperse. Then it was that some one saw a spark glowing like a star on the ball over the Church dome. It flickered, disappeared, and as the wind increased brightened into a flame. The old sexton saw it and again the bell vibrated on the air, this time articulating like a human voice "help! help!" It was its last call, for it would never again send out its wealth of sound on the mellow air of summer or frosty breath of winter, calling the worshippers to the hallowed aisles below. The ball was far out of reach and the people were compelled to stand idly by and see it burn, the glowing coils fell on the dome and roof, and the whole edifice became wrapped in flames.

As Deacon Lane with the leading Church members were standing, sadly watching the destruction of the sacred edifice, Waldro came by with a beer bottle stuffed in each of his coat pockets and a decanter of brandy in each hand. "See, dad," he shouted as he reeled along, "see what I saved at old Brown's." It was a bit of comedy such as Shakespeare throws across the stage of his tragedy. The deacon seized the decanters and bottles, dashing them to pieces. Then taking his son fiercely by the arm, without a word dragged him homeward.

It was said in the village that a bird had been observed to pick into the side of the gilded ball and build its nest, and a spark of fire driven by the wind caught in the nest. There was much comment and an ungodly skeptic propounded the following question: Who burned the church? Was it the devil who instigated the bird, and if so, why was he allowed by God to destroy a church which the financial ability of its members would not allow them to rebuild? "It was for their chastening," said Deacon Lane. "They had become hard of heart and a stiff-necked generation. God knew what was best for them and laid on the rod."

There was a good deal of grumbling over the deacon's management at the various Church meetings, the smart business men had urged the insurance of the edifice, but the proposition had met with strenuous opposition from the deacon and a few old-timers. He was angry at the mention of insurance.

"It was God's house, not theirs, and he would not allow it to burn unless for the best. To insure it was downright sacrilege, an insult thrown in the face of the Almighty."

A merchant skilled in world-craft hinted that if it burned, and churches did burn, they would have to build another.

"That's true," responded the deacon, "but it would be for our good. Maybe it's just what is wanted to awake us to a realizing sense of our duty."

(To be Continued.)



(Reported for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

## The Malevolence of Churchianity

### The Churches and the World's Fair.

A Lecture delivered at Indianapolis, Ind., Sunday, December 13, 1892, by WILLIAM J. HENRY.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—I am here, not as a trader, but as a truth-teller. I come before you, not as an advocate of any partisan measure, but simply to voice the demands of justice. Principles, not men, are the implements of a true warfare.

Throughout the past history of the struggles of man to free himself from the despotism of his masters, whether those masters were gods, ghosts, demons, or his own kind, the voice of justice has been drowned in the clamor and confusion of ignorance and superstition. The words I shall utter will find a response in a few intellects before me, but their force and meaning will be spent in vain against the imperious hide which covers the roaring Behemoth of superstition that stalks abroad unmolested.

My purpose is the single one of making or trying to make man free, to render hope something better than a phantom; to make uncertainty certain, to strike down the chains and lift the prisoner to his feet. For this, like all other souls who hate injustice and cowardice, I always receive the scoffs and sneers of the pharisaical, the proud and the arrogant.

This is and ever has been the reward of intrepidity. I accept it with thanks, and hold the givers of it at their true valuation.

It would seem to a mind unmolested by the shackles which free constitutions ought to unloose, that a recourse to the fundamental principles of individual liberty, and a demand that that liberty shall be subserved was uncalled for, and the person raising such a question be regarded as a demagogue. However this may be, the fact that the baleful influences, which, in great part, necessitated the American Revolution are at work in our midst, and that the recurrence of those dangers and annoyances which have always been the exasperation of liberty-lovers are inevitable, contribute to the reason why I take up the matter of Christian malevolence at this time.

Those who know me know that I have no compromise to make with the powers and ceremonies which constitute the Church of Jesus Christ.

The message of Christianity has ever been one of grief and sorrow. Wherever misfortune has visited the human race the office of the Church has been that of a vulture. Men have been generous, but it has ever been because their generosity was stronger than their piety. Men have been better than their creeds. They are to-day; but this only shows the infamy of the creed and the grandeur of the man. No voice for the last centuries has ever been lifted in behalf of mental liberty that has not been drowned in the anathemas of some priest or potentate. When I am told to look upon the improved methods of religious worship; or that the Church is growing and expanding in the light of a larger and broader spirituality—I can see this, too; or am told to watch the process of leveling up pews and pulpits; or when I read sermons of a lofty sublimity—which I do with awe at the prodigious exertions of genius to free itself from chains—I think of the herculean strength employed by men to rid themselves of an incubus which drags them down in the quick sands, or of wrecked mariners in the toils of an octopus.

All this talk of reform in the Churches, while it speaks well where zeal is unquestioned, is the most lamentable spectacle before the people to-day. It is, indeed, glorious to see an Ivanhoe now and then strike right and left for what he conceives to be religious liberty. When we contemplate the odds he battles against the onslaught he makes, creates a larger admiration. And when we stop to consider the waste of energy thus exhibited, the spectacle is appalling. Careful statisticians have figured that the whole value of the world's work could be performed by devoting four hours out of the twenty-four to labor, and then the other twenty to recreation and mental pursuits. Consider then the enormous waste of energy in the industrial spheres, and then consider that with the drag-chain of church discipline, mummery, and false pretense, removed from the throats of the people at large, the vast impetus that would accrue to the opportunities of genius and mental liberty, and you will understand me when I declare that the bondage of the orthodox Church, Protestant or Catholic, is the foulest slavery in this republic.

Religion for revenue only is far more potent than tariff for revenue only. Throughout all the history of Christianity the strongholds of authority have been among those who could wield the largest judiciary or political influence. This little lamb-like movement, similar to the Salvation Army and the sweet sister-communion of country-steeples houses are like the puppet show of a Punch-and-Judy entertainment. The Gouds, Sages, Vanderbilts, and Rockefellers control the stomachs of the people. The great pirates of the pulpit and the altar control the minds of the people. These men are the generals who mobilize the grand army of ignorance. The country has been parcelled off in great sections, each having a sort of prince who rules as he wills, and if his will is flattered with more venom than generosity, so much the more for his subjects. Here and now the same old myths and dreams that made the past hideous, have a meaning. Old allegories are still regarded as the edicts of the most high. Prayers, incense, whisky-fumes, and groans, all go aloft together. The standard of piety is measured by the cost of the Church. A money-value is placed upon the most sacred of human aspirations, while trained vultures feed upon the carrion of polluted virtue. Baubles of glittering, slightly service adorn a carcass seething with poison. Men gaze upon the baubles and applaud. If a voice is heard calling attention to the deformities covered by them, the mob cries heretic. They do not burn him. Why? Because Jefferson, Washington, Thomas Paine, and the other immortal framers of the republic lived in 1776, instead of Constantine, Pope Gregory the IX., Charles the V., Torquemada, Loyola, John Calvin, and the tens of thousands of other human vampires who deluged Europe with the blood of the slaughtered.

When the host of Valley Forge, with frozen feet, or at Yorktown, with a frenzy-born of despair, hurled the invader back upon his king the heroes who did the work had something in mind besides the spectacle of religious hypocrisy and cunning now held up to view. These powers crept in long after the foam and terror of war had become forgotten in the growth of the nation. For centuries the despotic arm of the Church had held Europe in her toils. Tribute was exacted and paid to her minions with the same regularity that our Christian municipalities to-day exact tribute from the earnings of prostitution. Down to 1160 the only Bible allowed in Europe was the Latin Vulgate, but the Latin language was understood by scarcely one in a hundred of the inhabitants, and no sooner did the clergy see that the people were becoming acquainted with its teachings than the book was taken from them. The decision of the Council of Trent in 1546 was "that the holy Scriptures were not composed for the use of the multitude, but only for the teachers." Following upon this and similar decisions of the Church, people rushed into all manner of excess and cruelty. Controlled by those whom they considered God's vicars on earth, man became ferocious fiends, whole communities were wiped out of existence. Arms neither defended the valiant nor submission the timid. Age and sex were alike ex-

terminated, and Europe for more than two centuries was beneath a pall of superstition and priestly despotism unrivaled anywhere in history, and the objection is offered that all this should be attributed to Roman Catholicism, and that the reformation ushered in a new state. I never understood that a Christian was less a Christian by reason of his being a Roman Catholic. Protestantism is the outgrowth of Catholicism, accommodated to the purposes of ambition, for reverence and superiority, just as Catholicism is the outgrowth of the heathen mythology, accommodated to the purposes of power and revenue. The same spirit of despotism and intolerance drank from the land of the Inquisition which inspired the Catholic Mary to burn Rogers, Hooper, Kidley, Latimer, and Cramer in 1555 inspired the Puritans to hang witches here in this country in 1692. We need go no farther than Christian authority to prove that persecution and murder are to be found in the history of Protestantism and characterized by as much ferocity as ever was known in the Roman Inquisition. Civilization is a veneer which always hides a chained tiger. We pride ourselves, and justly too, upon our immunity from the terrors of the past, because the hyenas who roam under the garb of religion are held at bay by the power of civil law. Should we once let loose from the civil and secular institutions of our country the same intolerant spirit of the past would assert itself and run riot over the liberties of the people. The signs of this are pregnant, and he who runs may read them. When Constantine, succeeding to the government of the Roman Empire upon the death of Licidius, proclaimed Christianity the universal religion, and no other religion was to be tolerated throughout the empire, he was no more the despot than his nineteenth century imitators who proclaim Sunday the universal Sabbath, and demand that the representatives of the nations of the earth shall recognize it by having the World's Fair closed on that day. A more arrant piece of hypocrisy never disgraced a civilized nation, and it has all been done under the garb and sanction of a power which no sentiment of the constitution, no function of civil law recognizes. One of the fundamental principles of American independence is that which declares that our government is in no sense whatever founded on the Christian religion. Washington wrote nearly these identical words in the treaty with Tripoli. But how are we to consider the action of Congress in closing the Exposition on Sunday? Here we have a vast horde of non-producing preachers, who, with the exception of a brilliant man, here and there, who acts and talks from principle, use their positions for what there may be in them; men who exact the fruit of toil and give nothing in return; men who will accept the tributes of wicked industry with the same elation they exhibit when fawning upon the glove of hypocrisy; frightened poverty is asked to give even its rags to buy their purple robes. These men neither plow the earth, plant the corn, nor tend the flocks. Throughout all the past the wage of labor and the purse of ease have contributed to their support. They add nothing to the aggregate wealth of the country. There is no virtue so high as a gift when it is bestowed upon themselves. Preaching is to them a profession. They may be deadbeats by the sufferance of the people, and nuisances by the grace of God; but as long as they can carry the cloud of superstition ahead of the banner of liberty they care neither for sufferance nor grace. These men reiterate that the yoke of the Lord is easy, and his burden is light. They place the yoke upon the shoulders of the people, and if the backbone is strong enough, and the shoulders are broad enough, and the renunciation of worldly goods in favor of those who put the yoke on sincere enough, the bearer may rest assured that payments will be made in the coin of the New Jerusalem. Free passes, donations, usury, mortgages, taxes, Bibles, and above them all strapped to the bending shoulders of the toiler the preacher rides serenely on, contemplating in lofty disdain the misery he has by no means assisted in diminishing.

Now, these men are a power and a strong one in this country to-day. They form a class which even the highest civic tribunal fear to frown down. Buckle, in his History of Civilization, makes this observation, and it might be well for some of the pious snobs of the Senate who have lent their aid in this matter of closing the World's Fair on Sunday to consider it.

There is but one protection against the tyranny of any class, and that is to give that class very little power. Whatever the pretensions of any body of men may be, however smooth their language, and however plausible their claims, they are sure to abuse power, if much of it is conferred upon them. The entire history of the world affords no instance to the contrary.

Now, how is the truth to be applied in this case. Here is the Congress of the mightiest nation on earth sworn to uphold the principles of the constitution which George Washington declared to be in no sense founded on the Christian religion, establishing a precedent to parallel which will take us back to the spirit which prompted the slaughter at Jerusalem. This decree or hanger-on to the bill appropriating \$5,000,000 for the fair, providing it be kept closed on Sunday will not kill anybody, as the holy crusaders did, but it won't be as hard for the average man to patronize the Chicago saloons on Sunday as it was for Socrates to drink the cup of wormwood. It might not be a worse affliction to be obliged for want of a better recreation, to go to some Chicago Church and listen to the rhetorical mildew of an orthodox sermon than it was for Michael Servetus to learn what a miserable mistake he made when he undertook to make a friend of John Calvin. All this I say might be endured.

But the principle underlying the action of Congress is the troublesome feature of it. Here we have a dangerous departure, and one, too, entered upon in direct conflict with the provision of the constitution.

I visited the grounds of the Exposition a short time ago and walked hour after hour in a maze of wonder at the vast undertakings of man in the construction of these buildings. I saw looming up over the confines of a thirty-acre lot the largest building in the world. I stood within one of its mighty portals and saw men at work on its farther side who looked like pygmies. Aloft, amidst a maze of iron and glass another army of men were putting on the roof 212 feet above my head. Vast distances, bewildering to the eye, were stretched out over the millions of feet of flooring. Here will be gathered the wealth of the world. The choicest fruit of man's genius will adorn and enrich the broad expanse. Turning from this I looked upon other gigantic buildings stretching up and away in a beauty and grace unrivaled on earth. Mighty buildings indeed to which we are inviting the whole world to visit and see what the United States can do in the way of an entertainment. I thought as I stood and marveled what a feast is here to be spread for the delectation of the world. How the flow of wealth and power and glory of man shall converge on this hallowed spot! How experience, yet unborn, shall be the food of memory. But with it all there came to me a feeling of reproach and I fain would have blotted the gorgeous scene from my imagination and slunk back into some cave, there to forget that I had ever borne the proud title of an American citizen. I thought of Napoleon with folded arms on bleak St. Helena contemplating the ruin and oblivion of his ambition. I thought of the great defenders of the constitution and how they would have scorned the little-ness which is the proud boast of our every-day statesmanship. And why all this? you ask. Because the millionaires and plutocrats of the Senate and House of Representatives having extended an invitation to the world to come and feast, yet like pirates dictate to the banqueters what they shall eat and

when they shall eat it. Bowing in mock solemnity to the memory and virtue of a savior they pretend to worship, who declared emphatically that the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath; they have given to the great exponents of a monumental hypocrisy the bauble they craved, and heralded their own assuinity to the world they have disgusted.

This is precisely the position now occupied by Congress and the clergy in the World's Fair matter. These men say we will give you this money, Mr. World's Fair Commission, on condition that you keep the gates closed on Sunday. This is indeed a precious piece of humbug. If a bill for some great job, whether it be the tinkering of the tariff or a pension scheme or a land deal or some petty partisan measure happened to require more time than twelve o'clock Saturday night would allow, do you suppose these pious statesmen would adjourn for fear they might desecrate the Sabbath? And yet they did not hesitate very long to shut out the only time perhaps that great masses of the people have for enjoyment and profit at an Exposition, the like of which has never yet been seen. These men did not think or consider the poor man's chance. They cared not for the toiler who might look for the Sundays of that six months as the fabled magi looked for a star in the East. Did they count the probable effect this latest screw turned on the poor and despised will have on the oncoming day of judgment when the worm shall at last turn to destroy its tormentors? Did they figure on this?

It is said that the magic of a name frequently turns the tide of war and shapes the destiny of a nation. But while this is true a paltriness as well as a hero is the fruit of events. Crises do and they undo. It is for this reason that every great crime that has ever stained the pages of history has been done in the name of religion and the fiends produced by religion. Whole nations have been decimated while the chants and praises of the priests who had brought about the havoc burdened the air. Men have dashed babes against trees and rocks; fiends have ripped open defenseless women with an Ave Maria upon their lips while doing the deed. Men have slaughtered the aged and outraged every virtue while their eyes gloated and feasted upon the cross. Wherever the State has been the abettor of the Church the trail of despotism and misery can be traced in blood. The framers and defenders of this republic knew this. They knew that degradation and ignorance had ever been the dregs in the cup of religion. The diapason of the organ, the gilded altar, and the mitred crown, the chant and incense, myrr and cassia, and rosemary and alloe, the meek Nazarene bearing his cross and all the flummery and pomp of sacerdotal power never made them forget the chains, the screws, the faggots, and the dungeon. No *Te Deum* was ever loud enough to drown the wail of despair. When they looked upon the pomp and the baubles they knew that their purchase had been paid in blood. They knew that every virtue was enshrined in dishonor. They knew that the sword had ever been the defender of the cross. They knew that aggrandizement, not justice, was the base of every creed. They knew that the heel had always trampled on the brain, and knowing all this they made it impossible for Church and State to exist as a constitutional compact in this country. For this the undying gratitude of the people ought to be perpetually bourn upon the azure vault of that heaven where we know they dwell. For this the peans of thanksgiving should ever be raised.

Now, shall the fabric they made and defended be subverted by the intrigues of an ignorant oligarchy cloaked in the garments of religion? Must the labor of a century be threatened with disruption because 5,000,000 out of 65,000,000 people demand that their narrow, contracted, pickaniny notions of God Almighty shall be everybody's rule and compass? The spirit evinced is but a revamp of the old idea that the divine right to rule is lodged in the elect. This idea was killed when our forefathers threw off the yoke of Great Britain. The re-incarnationists will readily see that it has worked back here, blue law holds the fort by a colossal majority. Consider the signs—look backward upon the insidious intrigues of the Church upon the national constitution, the principle one of which is to have the name of its God and its Jesus spread thereon, and then tell me if I am wrong in my estimate of the dangers besetting us?

On all sides the curse of class legislation is seen and felt. The farce of closing the Fair on Sunday is a conspicuous illustration of the evil. It has got to be so that if a sect or a corporation or a firm have a grievance or want a favor the legislature instead of the courts is resorted to for relief. If it keeps on the time is near at hand when lawyers and priests will literally hold the people by their throats. It is so now in many instances. I contend that this country of ours needs men in public places who have the courage of their convictions and who will stand impervious to flattery and unyielding to rebuke—men like Jefferson who can refuse to make fools of themselves by pandering to the demagogues of the Church. He was the only president who righteously failed to issue a religious proclamation. Referring to his action in this matter, he says: "I know it will give great offense to the clergy, but the advocate of religious freedom is to expect neither peace nor forgiveness from them." If the sweet lambs of Congress had thought of Jefferson and his co-laborers they would have prevented the rebuke now being hurled at them by every lover of religious liberty in the country. Where were the watch dogs of the Senate and House that they permitted this iniquity to occur when they were on hand to defeat Senator Blair and his Sunday bill in 1888. The Sabbatharian received a blow at that time they did not expect. How is it that they inveigled themselves into the good graces of Congress in this instance? Now what is the significance of Sunday and why should it have any greater observance than any other day? A little study into the ancient history of the world reveals the fact that the pagans consecrated a day of the week to each of the seven celestial bodies they worshipped. No one day was regarded holier than another. Sunday was consecrated to the sun, Monday to the moon, Tuesday to Mars, Wednesday to Mercury, Thursday to Jupiter, Friday to Venus, and Saturday to Saturn. What we call the days of the week are thus derived from pagan mythology. This arrangement has been twisted and warped to fit circumstances and the ambitions of the priesthood in all ages since mythology was merged into Christianity. Sunday in this plagiaristic crime has always been the chief aim of the Church. To make humanity subservient to it has been the first aim of every conversion. The Church tells us to look at the Bible for its authority. Very well, let's do so. The Decalogue or Ten Commandments occurs twice in the Pentateuch; i. e., in Exodus and Deuteronomy. In the 20th chapter of Exodus read this: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh: Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it."

In this it is found that the Sabbath was instituted as a commemoration of God having rested from his labors on this day. Now read the same commandment as given in Deuteronomy, and following the same you will find this: "And remember that thou wast a servant in the land of Egypt, and that the Lord thy God brought thee out thence through a mighty hand and by a stretched out arm: Therefore the Lord thy God commanded thee to keep the Sabbath day." (Deut. v. 15) Which will you have us take, Christian? For myself I rather think the pagan idea is the best. It has at least the stamp of consistency. Well, these people tell us the old Sun-

day has been abrogated. You ask them if they keep the Sabbath as commanded by their God and they reply, no, we do not. The old law has been annulled. Well then, what do you mean by Sabbath desecration? O, but we have a new day, a new Sabbath, the old way was to keep the old seventh day, Saturday. The Jews still keep that day, but we have the first day Sunday, which is the true Sabbath. Ah, ha! Is that so? Well, now, Mr. Christian, where is your authority for substituting the first for the seventh day as Sabbath. I defy you to point out one single word between the lids of the bible authorizing you to observe the first day of the week, or Sunday, as a Sabbath. And yet you denounce as a Sabbath-breaker the man who thinks Saturday the true Sabbath, while you hold up to the world a day for observance finding no sanction in the laws of the deity you pretend to worship. Do you know that some of your greatest authorities repudiate the Sabbath? Its enforcement was opposed by Milton, Butler, Bunyan, Taylor, Paley, Whiteley, and many other distinguished Christians, and I want to say right here that my firm belief is that the recent action of the preachers in getting the Fair closed on Sunday finds no support or endorsement amongst a very large body of intelligent men and women who still hang to the churches. I want to be fair in this matter and willingly make the acknowledgment. The movement has been set on foot by the leeches who have more piety than common sense, and the severest rebuke they could have administered them would be a castigation at the hands of those whose opinions and wishes in the matter have been ignored. I have talked with a number of prominent Churchmen and they all unite in deploring the hot-headed intolerance spirit manifested by their preachers. Why, if this Sunday gag-law is to be carried through to its logical sequence the idea of Watson Heston will become a reality, and we will be prepared for death or its equivalent every seventh day. We'll go to the postoffice and find the doors closed, with a sign reading: "No mails on Sunday, clerks and carriers are at Church." At the railroad station: "No trains on Sunday, we must have time to rest and pray." At the telegraph office: "Closed. No dispatches on Sunday." Walk down the street and behold a fire raging. We wonder where the firemen are and rush to an engine-house. Doors closed and a board up reading: "No fires except hell's fires must disturb us on Sunday." A stranger gets into town, having walked since midnight, tired and hungry, and goes to a hotel. Doors are closed, and reads: "No meals to-day. This is Sunday, and the cooks must have rest." A fellow with the colic rushes by, hunting for a doctor. He finds Dr. Squilla door, but it is closed: "No relief for the sick on Sunday. Go home and rest." Undertakers' rooms closed: "No coffins furnished on Sunday." Hospital closed, sign up: "The sick must suffer to-day. The nurses and doctors are resting and praying. A poor fellow being carried on a stretcher to a surgeon, door closed, sign up: "Let the wounded bleed. I must have rest on Sunday." We walk down to the river and find a rope stretched across, with a steamer at anchor and a banner on the rope, reading: "Tie up! The saints want to wash away their sins." And in the water a domini and a sweet sister of Israel are trying conclusions on the rite of immersion.

What a fine state of affairs we would have, to be sure, if these pious sharks could have all they want. Necessity would have to yield to hypocrisy, and the wheels of industry clog up with the smut and dry-rot of idleness, and all for the glory of God; all for the pleasure of a few who are too pious to shave themselves on Sunday, but not too pious to shave their fellow men during the week; all for the delectation of a few precious birds who would not think it a sin to blacken the reputation of an infidel on Saturday, but who would think it an awful sin to blacken their own boots on Sunday. Oh! the contemptible hypocrisy of it!

Then, what is to be done? An influence ought to be brought to bear to compel the repeal of that hanger-on to the World's Fair appropriation, and stop the nauseating spectacle of the United States Government lending itself to a petty priestly scheme for plunder before it is too late. If this country can not give a few million dollars for the advancement of this enterprise without stultifying the people at large by aping an observance which they ignore, then let the money be withheld and if the Fair can not go on without it then let it go down. It were better by far to raze every building and recall every invitation to the nations to participate, and let the people die where it is than to wheedle a great people into the swaddling clothes of a cast off theology which ought to have died "a bornin'."

Let petitions be circulated all over the country calling on the liberty-loving people to stamp out this iniquity by demanding the repeal of the clause closing the gates of the Fair on Sunday. This will not fail if done intelligently and orderly. If it does fail then the American people might as well hang up their banners of freedom and prepare for the old yoke of slavery. It will come fast enough if this foolishness is allowed to stand. Sunday should be the day of light and gladness at the great Exposition. A day when honest toil can meet its fruits and at least gaze upon that which it has produced. A day when the artisan, the mechanic, and the laborer who work all the week, and of necessity are obliged so to do, can meet on the common ground of genius and partake of its glories. A day when mothers who toil may take their babies to the parks and let them romp and play and be happy, and receive a lesson in the world's affairs they never can gain elsewhere. Let the Fair be wide open, and if any change is to be made let the price of admission be reduced to a quarter and let in the thousands to whom a half dollar looks big. Let joy and content and happiness reign at the Fair. The police can take care of the seducers who attend Church and the bums who want to attend the saloons. Keep the Exposition for the people, and let the world understand that the United States is upon the same plane in religion as it is in art, science, mechanics, and mathematics—the grandest nation on earth.

## SUPERNAL BEAUTY.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

Often in the crowded hall room when the air overflows with light, and the hazy impressions of the thrills of the very heart, I can catch from sweeping motion, beautiful forms and voices low, something of the love and glory flashing where the cycles flow—something of the speechless splendor that I think the angels know.

Or when gazing on some wondrous triumph of man's magic art, Oft I've felt the blood of being higher than this grovelling heart, Thro' the very inmost chambers of my spirit thro' and dart.

Songs there are too, heard at even, that melt or fire the soul, Till it seems to lose its presence reaching forth to grasp the whole.

These brief moments when a gladness mixed of sorrow floods our eyes, Are but dim uncertain glimpses of the glories of the skies. In them we hold an instant just the hem of garments rare, Just the hem of spirit garments fluttering swiftly thro' the air, Hinting of supernal beauty, we perceive, but never share.

The above inspired lines from James A. Tucker, of Owen Sound, contain such a lovely clairvoyant description of the glorious beauties of the spiritual world that I feel a delight in reproducing them for the benefit of your many contributors to the LIGHT OF TRUTH. The presence of our loved ones are indeed with us at all times, no matter where the locality may be. We all can not see them or hear them but many can both see and hear, and many more would likewise share in those glorious supernal beauties if a little more time, patience, and perseverance were devoted to the development of the gift, which every human being has as an inheritance from the great infinite spirit, the father of all.

A little study of the spiritual laws governing human nature combined with practical application, and endless realms of beauty with its countless spirit inhabitants would be opened up to seekers after truth.

GEO. W. WALRINE.



# Spirit Message Department

## OUR FREE CIRCLE.

Every Tuesday Afternoon,

At Douglas Hall, corner Walnut and Sixth Streets. Doors open at 2:30; seance begins at 3:00. No one admitted after services have begun. Questions to be answered from the rostrum will be received upon these conditions: 1. They must be germane to Spiritualism. 2. Must contain one inquiry only. 3. All personalities must be avoided. 4. The name of the questioner must be attached. Mrs. A. H. Kiser, Medium. Mrs. J. Clegg Wright, Chairman.

In justice to both the spirits and medium we would be pleased to have our friends verify such messages as they may happen to recognize in these columns. All communications concerning this department and questions from abroad must be addressed to C. C. STOWELL, Room 7, 206 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

## REPORT OF SEANCE.

Tuesday, January 3, 1893.

### PROLOGUE.

"Nearer my God to Thee." May this be the prayer of every soul. Not nearer unto the far-away God, but nearer to that God which dwelleth within you, nearer to that perfect life. May each one to-day through sincere desire draw nearer and nearer unto the truth that will lead him up higher and above all that which the earth calls thought: for as each one of you grow in knowledge, as each one of you develop the God principle within you, do you grow nearer and nearer unto the perfect life: and as you represent the perfect life then you represent God. And, friends, it is your privilege to live here upon the earth plane in a high condition, not low down and grovelling in the dust, but standing up high and learning more and more each day of the forces which surround you, more and more each day of self and whence you came. You must not only learn, but you must put into practice all of these teachings which are brought to you from day to day from the spirit side of life. Those who have passed over stand close beside you, willing to help you up and out of the conditions which prevent you from living, as you could live, to your highest. And sometimes, friends, as I view you after you have spent an hour listening to the teachings, I see you turn away, and in your own soul doubt all that these loved ones have brought you. I see you question yourself "how is it, can it be that I am really a part of that divine whole? Am I really a part of God?" And then you will say, "No, I do not believe this, I believe in the man God." My dear friends, throw out of your mind the man; throw out of your mind the individual who sits in the high place and who showers either blessings or curses upon his children. There is no God of that kind, but one God of love, of justice, of truth, a spiritual God. It is the spirit of which you are a part. It hovers over each and every one of you. It enters into all that has life, and it is that great love-principle which draws you nearer and nearer to each other, that causes you to look with sympathy upon your brother, that causes you to desire to help him up and out of the conditions that are detrimental to him. And know that we, from the spirit side of life, come to you day by day, trying as best we can to break down the barriers of doubt; to cast fear out of your minds, and to point you onward and upward, that you may better understand yourself and your brother. And so, friends, whilst we talk with you this afternoon, trying to answer the questions that have been handed up, we want each one of you to know that we hold you in our love, and we try to help you in every direction, and although at all times we can not give you all you wish, yet know that in the by-and-by you shall be satisfied.

### QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Ques.—Why can not some mediums get spirit names, although correct in all other details?

Ans.—Why can not some of you paint beautiful pictures? Because you have not the talent; because you are not adapted. When the spirit world comes to you controlling as best it can in order to give you that which you desire, and can not awaken in you that sensitiveness which is necessary, it is on account of the lack of necessary qualifications for this effect, and sometimes controls that surround the mediums are not particular about a name. They are only too glad to help the spirit to manifest to you and let the name alone. Did you ever think what there is in a name? Do you know why each one of you has a different name? It is that you may be identified, and so you are called Mr. or Mrs. —. Often when spirits return they do not at first think of their names, being so anxious to give their message that they do not give the name at all. And yet, friends, in the course of development, if the spirits desire to give the names, the medium may be able to receive them later. But, friends, do not wait for names, do not stand still and say I will not develop if I can not have the names. Give that which you receive, give it clear and earnestly and by-and-by, when you have developed, when you have become sensitive enough to catch all of the thought present, you may be enabled to give names, or you may be enabled to do a great many things than you can not do now. So, many stand still and wait until the spirits come by their side, and by the vocal tones give the names. At other times they can only impress the thought of the name. If the name should chance to be wrong, it is not your fault. If the spirit has only made a mistake, or if you have made a mistake, how many mistakes do you make in other directions? And so, friends, while each one of you is trying to catch all of the thoughts from the spirit side, be careful, be very earnest, be truthful and honest with yourself, and as you are earnest and truthful, and honest with yourself you will have honest and truthful spirits come to you, and by-and-by it will be just as easy to speak the name of the spirit as it is to speak the name of a friend that comes to you. Some spirits do not care to give their names. Many spirits will come to control the instruments and feel that if they should give their name they would not be welcome, and so they come again and again and give no name, but give very good advice. Again spirits will say: "When I was upon the earth-plane I felt I did not do all that I ought to do, and if I give my name it will not be creditable to the party I am talking through!" But, keep on, my brother, and if it is possible that you can become sensitive enough, by-and-by you will receive the names.

Ques.—What intelligence can be given from the spirit side of life as regards the practice of hypnotism in insane asylums for suffering humanity?

Ans.—Friends, a great deal. Much that we call insanity is but obsession by undeveloped influences. Hypnotic power would be the only cure, or the only relief, because, by bringing a strong band of magnetic forces combined—from the spirit side and this side—we would be enabled to restore many. Yet, friends, it would be almost an impossibility to do much good with these while they are in an insane asylum. If you have an opportunity to take out of the asylum several so afflicted, possibly you could cure them. But, you can not work where they are herded together by hundreds, afflicted with different maladies. A man who has so far lost his own self as to be controlled by an influence detrimental to him, so as to cause it to be necessary to place him in an insane asylum, may be taken away from these influences—although there are no two afflicted just alike—and be restored, but I do not understand how it can be brought about in an insane asylum, unless the managers of the same give him a private compartment in that place. Oh, friends, if there is hell, these poor souls, bereaved of their reason, and held captive in their own bodies, are suffering it. Hypnotism, if it could be introduced

into the asylums, would be a great, grand work, and will sometime be adopted.

Ques.—Who are true Spiritualists?

Ans.—Those who are the most pure in spirit are the true Spiritualists. The name Spiritualist makes no man one whit better than his brother, unless he lives to the highest teachings of those spirits who return again and again and teach you the great lessons of love, justice, and truth. If a man is a true Spiritualist, he will never even desire to do that which is wrong. If a man is a true Spiritualist he will watch every thought that he sends out into the world of space; he will be careful how he treats his brother man, for a true Spiritualist realizes that everyone of you are brothers, he realizes that that great spirit which overshadows all and dwells in each and everyone is the one spirit. He understands that if he expects in the by-and-by to receive happiness, he must live to his highest here, he must do unto his brother as he would have his brother do unto him. He dare not scorn any, for he can understand, through the teachings of those who have learned on the spirit side of life, that all men have the same in-dwelling spirit, that all men belong to the same God, if you would have it that way, that all men are placed in the same conditions, and he can not judge his brother, for he knows not how far back the seed may have been implanted—within his parents possibly—that is only now becoming fruit, that has grown through generations until now he is the one that suffers, until now he is the one that is lying low on the ground because of conditions from which he can not break away. And so, friends, whilst your brother may be down in the lowest depths, if you are a true Spiritualist you will understand why. It has come from the generations past until this man is suffering the consequences. You will send out unto the brother thoughts that will help him out of the depths and place him on the solid rock. And, friends, if you could see the different thoughts in this room, you would wonder how any man or woman could lead a pure life here. And while we are trying to teach you these lessons, we know question after question arises. And, oh, how hard it is to become that which you must become to be a true Spiritualist. One who is pure indeed, one who will not defile this temple wherein the spirit of God dwelleth, one who is careful what he places in his mouth, one who is careful what he lends his ear to hear, one who is careful what his eyes shall see—and friends, when each one of you begin to be unselfish, when each one of you look down into the depth of his own soul, then will the flowers of true Spiritualism bloom and the fragrance float around and about you, and in your face will shine the beauty of your spirit. If you are pure, then your face will show that purity and all around you will shine that which will show unto men that you have learned the grander lessons and become so spiritual that you are one with your father, God.

Ques.—How may we advance in mediumship, and what can I do to help my controls?

Ans.—I would say that part of this question has already been answered. If you desire to improve your mediumship you must have patience; you must give it time; you must listen to the instructions of your guides; you must have confidence, and when your guides bid you to do so and so, if it seems right to you, you should do it and do it with a willing heart. Mediums generally doubt too much. A guide will present something to the instrument and the instrument will sit down and think it over and begin to doubt and doubt and doubt. Now doubt is good sometimes, for if you had never doubted you would never have been a Spiritualist. If you had never doubted that which was taught before, and had never investigated for yourself, you would never have been where you are to-day. But, friends, if the spirits have promised you that they will develop you, try the spirit. When that spirit says to you to go to such and such a place, go, and whatever work you find there do it with all your mind; aid the spirit with willingness, and they will aid you. All that the spirit needs that controls you is a willing instrument. And if you are willing and cast out doubt, giving your full confidence to the guides who surround you, they will bring you up and out of selfishness. And as I view the one asking the question, I would say be very earnest indeed, be very careful how you do yourself, be very careful how you live, with whom you associate, and whom you have to sit with you for development. For, sometimes, although those with you may be just as good as yourself, although they may be just as wise as yourself, still possibly your magnetism and theirs does not mingle, and therefore there is a jar, and neither one will be benefited. Better that you sit alone than with one who seems to annoy you and bring with him an unpleasant sensation. There are many different people in this earth plane, there are scarcely two alike, their dispositions differ, their ideas differ. Although they may look at the same picture, their ideas concerning it differ. One may look at one part, another may look at another part and think it more beautiful than his brother thought it. And so do controls differ. Another control might take possession of my instrument and make her feel very disagreeable, although he might be far in advance of me, still he would not be suited to her. Their organs would not be suited, and so there would be a contention, as it were, and it would not be pleasant to either. So we have to place our instruments where all is harmony and sympathy and where all jealousy is taken out and all doubt is cast to one side, and where those with them are not looking for evil but for good. If the medium will place himself in this condition he will develop fast.

### SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Thomas Harris.

To Warren Harris: Friends, I am glad to be here this afternoon in spirit. I scarcely can understand why I am at this place at this time. Yet the sweet music seemed to draw me near, and as I felt the desire of some of the loved ones that I would manifest in this way, I come. I bring you greeting on this beautiful New Year day, for it is but the third of your new year, and as I look out I see coming in the near future many things which will bring forth that which is true, and which will bring forth the blossoms of the last century. I hear the slow tolling of bells, and I hear the joyful bells ringing; again I see on some cheeks tears and upon other faces the smile of gladness, and so it is in the earth life. While one rejoices and is exceedingly glad, another is sorrowful and can scarcely see the light of the day. O, friends, in the by-and-by, when each one comes into the spirit realm he will understand why joy and sadness had to be mingled here; he will understand why man must tread his own pathway. And all will see that their elder brother, in his teachings, was not far from wrong when he said, "and each one of you shall be his own savior." Now, friends, I have not come to preach. I have come to talk a little while, and I desire to send my love to the dear ones in the far distance. I desire them to know that Martha, John, and Elizabeth are with me. I desire them to know that we hold them close in our spirit realm. And now I will bid you a kind adieu. Say that Thomas Harris was here, and comes to Warren Harris, of Mason, Neb., and wants him to go on. Although sometimes he feels he was very severely tried, but all is purified by faith.

Samuel B. Hunter.

I am glad to come this afternoon, and I desire to send my love to my wife and two children. Tell them that I was here and that I am happy. I am from Newtown, Ohio.

B. K. Malby.

I am glad to express myself here. I would say that the beautiful rainbow-light overshadows you, and that the LIGHT OF TRUTH grows day by day. I understand the way and am rejoicing in spirit to-day. Carry my love to the dear ones, and know that B. K. Malby, your father, was here to-day to voice his greetings to each and every one. (To the Chairman.)

Dr. K. J. Long.

I am glad to be here this afternoon that I may prove to each one of you the continuance of life. I did not understand this. I did not know that I would be privileged to hold communion with the earth below, for I believed that when I left this earthly sphere to go to the home beyond I should stay there until the great trumpet should sound, and then again I would return to take the body and appear before my God. This was taught to me. I could not understand where I should be; whether I should sleep all of those years, or whether I should ascend and sit beside my God. I awoke and found that I lived, I loved, and I had received all of the happiness that I had earned whilst sojourning through this life. To-day I return that I may send love to the dear ones in the far away. I desire that my sister Mary and brother William and my son Charles should know that I live and understand even better than they the conditions which surround them. My home is near Liberal, Mo.

Edgar Kent.

I also am glad to come this afternoon, although I do not know what I can say to you that will be of very much interest, but I know that by coming here those whom I love and who still linger on the earth plane will receive my message. I desire to send my love to my mother, and I desire to say to her that four of the dear ones are with me. Father joins in sending love, he says he has often been with her and the road is growing shorter, and she must not grow weary on the way. I am from Stearnburg, N. Y.

Robert O. Marshall.

I desire to send my love to my dear ones. I want them to know that I have come here and that I have never been far away. James is all right. There are many things for them yet to learn. I desire this message sent to Peoria, Ill.

Samuel Cobb.

Well, friends, I am glad to come here this afternoon, and am glad it is possible for me to voice my love to my dear ones. We, who have passed through the change called death, can and do return to those we love. I was a Presbyterian, and thought I was one of the elect, and I find that I am one of the elect, for I am elected to enjoy all the happiness I have earned. I enjoy all the pleasure that I, as a spirit, can enjoy, and I find one of the greatest pleasures is to return to earth and bring glad tidings. I desire to send my love to Rebecca, James, and John, and want them to know that I live. I am from Philadelphia, Pa.

William McNair.

I am so glad to come this afternoon. Oh, I can scarcely express myself, because you know I did not understand this. Oh, I am so happy and desire to bring love to five who love me. I desire that you send them a paper that they may know that I have come here this afternoon, and give them my love. They are in Fort Wayne, Ind. (This man passed away in the West, in Colorado.)

Charles Webb.

I am anxious to voice my love and my continued care for those who labor in the earth sphere. There was a little mystery concerning my death, but still it is all right; it was not suicide, it was a natural death. I am from Jeffersonville, Ind.

John H. Porter.

How strange and yet not strange that I should be here this afternoon. I felt that it was necessary for me to come as I desire to send love and comfort to one in a distance. Oh, that she may realize my nearness, for to-day sorrow crushes her heart. But I want her to know there is no death, and when Walter, the dear boy, came over to the spirit side of life, father received him. Tell her we now number four on the spirit side of life and three on the earth side, and the four on the spirit side will guide and direct the three on the earth side. By-and-by she will receive her just reward for all the kindness in the earth life. (To Louisa Porter, near Kekakee, Illinois.)

Joseph Stevenson.

I am glad to be here, although I am astonished to find myself here. I desire to send love to my friends, my wife, and two children, who live in Rochester, N. Y.

### VERIFICATIONS.

J. T. Haughey, of Paola, Kansas, writes: "In the LIGHT OF TRUTH Free Circle report of December 17th is a message from Captain Nick that speaks to me and mine with no uncertain sound. I fully recognize and verify the message, except the date 1872. In 1882 he wrote on the slates 'You have been a kind and loving father to my daughter. Your daughter Addie is near death's door. I will take her under my care and see her safe through the trip.' I am rejoiced to get the message, and feel grateful to your circle, and herewith send you three new subscribers who were attracted to your paper by that message."

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

In regard to the communication from Mrs. Annie Bowley some time ago I will say that I knew of the circumstance and knew her husband, Hiram Bowley. I also have some very near and dear friends who have gone beyond, and would like to hear from them and how they are getting along.

Vanceburg, Ky., Dec. 31, 1892.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

I wish to verify as far as it is in my power a spirit message published in the LIGHT OF TRUTH December 17th, that of Paul Caster, of Ottumwa, Iowa. I was not acquainted with him personally, but he was an uncle to a first cousin of mine by marriage, Mr. Samuel McIntire, of Huntington County, Indiana. Paul Caster was one of the most powerful healers of modern times. People came to him from far and near to be healed. Many cripples came to him walking on crutches and canes; he would heal them, and they would go away leaving their crutches and fixings behind, until the healer had a great pile of them left there by patients made whole. This he called his bone-yard. He had these piled all about him and had his photograph taken in that position. My cousin and I both have a copy of this picture; it can also be seen at the office of Dr. Willis, a Spiritualist, of Kokomo, Indiana. Mr. Caster built a large structure containing one hundred rooms for the accommodation of his numerous patients. Hundreds of people were cured by his ministrations. His cures almost bordering on the miraculous. Indeed they were truly wonderful. He was also a powerful mesmerist, and gave numerous exhibitions before the public. He also lectured. His healing powers would perhaps equal, if not exceed, the late Dr. Newton. Any history of the healers of the world would not be complete without an account of Paul Caster, of Ottumwa, Iowa. JOSEPH M. BARE.

Ligonier, Ind., Dec. 31, 1892.

# The Progressive Lyceum.

## Opening Song.

THE EVERGREEN SHORE.

1. This world of strife is not our home:  
We're bound for the evergreen shore,  
That land of beauty where loved ones have gone,  
Our loved ones for evermore.

CHORUS.

Rest, rest! forever at home,  
When pain and distress shall be o'er,  
We yearn to be free in those realms to roam,  
Our home on the evergreen shore.

2. They beckon on our way along:  
We press for the evergreen shore:  
We soon will enter the heavenly throng,  
When parting shall be no more.—CHOR.

3. There fadeless garlands ever bloom  
In paths of the evergreen shore,  
Where pain and sickness, bereavement and gloom  
Shall mar our repose no more.—CHOR.

## Silver Chain Recitation.

OUR CALENDAR OF SAINTS.

Do you believe in saints?  
Yes, many orders of saints.  
What do you mean by a saint?  
One who elevates his kind by his labor and self-sacrifice.  
Name some religious saints.  
Buddha, Zoroaster, Jesus, and Mohammed.  
For what are these canonized by their respective followers?

For uplifting the religious consciousness of their age.  
Who are among the prominent saints of philosophy?  
Plato, Aristotle, Descartes, Bacon, Kant, Spinoza, and Spencer.

Who are saints of poetry?  
Homer, Sophocles, Sappho, Goethe, Schiller, Shakespeare, Shelley, Tennyson, Longfellow, and Whittier.

Who are saints of art?  
Phidias, Angelo, Titian.  
Who are warrior saints?  
Cyrus, Epaminondas, Leonidas, Tell, William the Silent, Washington, and Garibaldi.

Who are the saints of science?  
Archimedes, Laplace, Newton, Priestley, Darwin, and Wallace.

Of mechanical invention?  
Watt, Stephenson, Morse, Wheatley, Arkwright, and Edison.

Have the saints been martyrs?  
They have sealed their mission with their blood or great self-sacrifice.

Are they many?  
The truth has thousands, from Socrates to Bruno, from Galileo to Paine.

Are there no women martyrs and saints?  
A great number: Aspasia, Cornelia, Hypatia, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, and Clara Barton.

Are these all the saints?  
No; they are only a few from the great host who have wrought and died for our happiness.

Is the list closed?  
It increases rapidly from year to year.

What do we learn by the contemplation of these saints?  
The glories of the past, the wealth of the present, and prophecy of the future.

What is their prophecy?  
That it is possible for us to become like them.

What offering should we lay on the altar of our saints?  
Our affection, reverence, and gratitude, and well-ordered lives.

What do they bestow on us?  
Light, strength, and hope.

With what do they inspire us?  
To strive to attain their lofty levels.

How will they reward those who thus strive?  
By their sympathy and inspiration.

## Lesson. Suggestive Outline.

(NOTE:—In the discussion of the lesson it should be a fundamental rule never to depart from that in which all are expected to express their views fully and freely, there must not be any indulgence in personality or antagonistic debate. It is the truth, not what any individual thinks the truth to be, that should engage attention.)

The comparison of the four great religious teachers, Buddha, Zoroaster, Jesus, and Mohammed.

Four great streams of religion flow, almost parallel courses, the Hindoo, Persian, Christian and Mohammedan, each having its own sacred books, and the elements in the birth, growth, and career of each almost identical.

What is the distinguishing trait in Christianity? Wherein does it differ from other religions? What were its relations to the pagan religions of Greece and Rome? Was it a direct outgrowth of those religions, or distinct?

## Closing Song.

1. There is a gate that stands ajar,  
And through its portals gleaming  
A radiance from our friends afar,  
Their angel love revealing.

CHORUS.

Oh, angel friends, and can it be,  
That gate was left ajar for me,  
For you, for me,  
Was left ajar for me.

2. Press onward then, though foes may frown,  
For heaven's gate is open.  
Accept the Truth, and win the Crown,  
Love's everlasting token.—CHOR.

3. Beyond the river's brink we see  
The friends that here were given,  
They wear the crown of life to-day,  
They love us still in heaven.—CHOR.

## TO PRAY OR NOT TO PRAY.

(To the Editor of the LIGHT OF TRUTH.)

I was much pleased with the remarks you made upon the Evangelist Moody's statement that he saved the "Spree" and all her passengers and crew by prayer. But I was surprised at some of the remarks of some of the clergy in thinking that Moody was foolish in making such a statement. I supposed that all Christian ministers in the land, even Minot Savage, of Boston, believed in the Lord's prayer, where it says, "Lead us not in temptation, and give us this day our daily bread." Now, this is asking God not to do a thing and asking him to give us our daily bread—and if we expect him to be influenced by such prayers, why not in case of Moody's prayer? If it is not expected that God will change his course any by prayer, why make them? Unless you pray to an impersonal God, as the Spiritualists do, to harmonize the audience as some of them say. In my opinion Moody is right, unless it is useless to pray to a God at all.

A. B. SEVERANCE.

January 7, 1893.



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CINCINNATI, - - - SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893

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We request patrons to notify us promptly in case they discover in our columns advertisements of parties whom they have proved to be dishonest or unworthy of action.

When the postoffice address of THE LIGHT OF TRUTH subscribers is to be changed, our patrons should give us two weeks' previous notice, and not omit to state their present as well as future address.

Notice of spiritualistic meetings, in order to insure prompt insertion, must reach this office on Tuesday of each week, as THE LIGHT OF TRUTH goes to press every Wednesday.

Reflected Ads will not be returned without postage accompanying the same—nor preserved beyond thirty days after receipt.

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## TWO MORE TRACTS.

WE HAVE in course of preparation two additional tracts, Nos. 2 and 3, entitled: "From Darkness to Light," a spiritual drama by Sunny South, and "A Discourse by Henry Ward Beecher," through the mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, delivered at Cassadaga last Summer. We will announce others in due season. These will also be placed at figures enabling societies and others to purchase them for distribution and missionary purposes. Those who have not done so, may yet avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining No. 1, by sending name, address, and stamp.

## OUR PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.

Those interested in the instruction of our rising generation are referred to the lyceum lessons given weekly on the third page of the LIGHT OF TRUTH. They are from the pen of one of our ablest contributors and one of the most experienced veterans in the cause of Spiritualism. One of our city lyceums has taken up these lessons as its standard guide, and finds in them the best of its kind ever given to the spiritualistic public. Lyceum teachers everywhere should preserve them for future use, and select from them as they are needed, or use them in connection with their adopted formulas. They will be found, upon inspection and practical application, to be of superior merit compared to much that has been published in the past, and should be prized accordingly. It is difficult to tell how long our benevolent teacher will be inspired to continue his good work, and therefore our readers should awake to an appreciation of these lessons while they have an opportunity of doing so.

## One Convicted, the Other Acquitted.

The desperate straits to which orthodoxy is being driven are illustrated by the recent trials of Professors Briggs and Smith. The former has been acquitted by the New York Presbytery on nearly the identical grounds that the latter was convicted by the Cincinnati Presbytery. The question is this: If Dr. Smith is guilty, how is Dr. Briggs innocent? It is inevitable, viewing the matter with regard to the small minorities in both cases, that the Presbyterian Church is face to face with a problem, the solution of which can not be found in its liturgy, creed or confession. The sooner these effete and senseless forms are discarded and reason allowed to hold sway, the sooner will there be less of the annoyances and by poeisy now being exhibited. Standards of faith, reared for an infantile intellectualism, have no place in the arena of modern facts. For two hundred years the Presbyterian Church, the coldest blast that ever blew upon religious thought, has been put forward as the acme of human and divine wisdom, but a higher wisdom, not infrequently voiced through the lips of babes and sucklings, is knocking for admission. And it is these knocks that are causing the discomfiture, disintegration and crumbling of the false forms of Church discipline. The knocking will continue until the last vestige of falsehood and hypocrisy has been obliterated. Modern heresy hurts nobody but those who make the charge; every heretic is a freeman, and ought to feel proud of his position. As between Drs. Smith and Briggs, the former is to be congratulated the more. It would have been a good deal better for Dr. Briggs had he been convicted. David Swing has done vastly more good for humanity since he was driven out of the Presbyterian Church than he ever did or could have done within it. Let these two gentlemen take David Swing as an example. They need not fear about their support or that their work will die.

## "Whosoever Shall Smite Thee on thy Right Cheek. Turn to Him the Other Also."

A minister has been languishing in jail for eight weeks in Buffalo for alleged swindling of other ministers. Notwithstanding the grand jury failed to find sufficient evidence to indict him, several ministers persisted in their attack upon the discharged dominie and called upon the police justice and asked that a warrant be issued for his re-arrest, one of them claiming that he had been swindled out of five dollars. This is true Christian fellowship of the orthodox type, and shows how closely the barbarians who wear the yoke of the Lord obey their divine Master. He enjoined his followers to resist not evil, and if one was robbed of his affects to help the thief to whatever he might have overlooked.

This is a pretty tough doctrine, even for a Christian, and nobody can be condemned for failing in its observance. But these sweet lambs of the Lord's pasture who turn one of their fellows over to the police with the sangfroid of a duke who ousts his lackey, are all the while preaching the morals of Jesus and their own sanctity. They know it's all hypocrisy, but, then, it pays.

The difference between the catacombs of Naples and Buffalo orthodoxy is in the smell, otherwise they are identical.

## RUSSIAPHOBIA.

Since John S. C. Abbott sympathetically advocated the cause of despotic Napoleonism, there has not been as despicable an example of an American advocating the cause of European monarchy as Talmage, who came to the front as the weakest, most servile and unscrupulous of all writers. He thrust himself into the ranks of those who were sending food to starving Russia, and when he reached that country he owned the ship and cargo, and represented *de jure* the United States. He was wine and dined by the aristocracy, and came home thoroughly Russified. He saw nothing in Russia but what was lovely. No crime, no undeserved punishment or cruelty, no religious intolerance. He came home so charmed with the Czar it is a wonder he did not remain. What he wanted to return to this lawless and demoralized America for its passing strange. Words are weak in describing his recreance to honesty of statement. Since Kennan, with self-sacrificing devotion, journeyed to Siberia and horrified the civilized world by his descriptions of the sufferings and punishments inflicted on refined and educated men and women, means have been sought by that government to break the force of the revelation which covered the policy of the Czar with infamy. No one has been found so utterly lost to moral feeling, sympathy with misfortune, and debased as to advocate the cause of the autocrat. The "long-felt want" has been answered, and Talmage heralds himself as the champion of Russian rule. Does he think a four-thousand-mile journey to Siberia on foot in mid-winter a pleasant trip? Would he recommend the introduction of the knout into this country? Does he believe the mines a fit place to keep refined women who are guilty of no other crime than thinking? He may gain the favor of a few bejeweled aristocrats; he will receive the unqualified scorn of the workers of the world.

## To be Pickled for Heresy.

Another of the beauties of heresy-hunting cropped out the other day in a remark made by Rev. Swiggett and overheard by Hon. D. R. Marshall, general attorney of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railway, who is a Presbyterian and denounces the astonishing statement made by the reverend. The conversation was anent the trial of the Rev. Henry Preserved Smith, of this city, for heresy, and the remark was made by Swiggett: "He is called Preserved Smith, but I do not think he will be preserved very long, as we will pickle him. In fact, some persons, by way of a joke, now call him Pickle Smith." The beauty of the whole matter turns upon the fact that the Rev. Swiggett is one of the jurors engaged in the pickling process. It must be rich food for reflection to the accused to know that justice is to be meted out to him in this manner. It could obtain in no other organization than the Presbyterian Church, and if the Cincinnati Presbytery can succeed in driving him out on lines that would subject a juror to a fine or imprisonment in any civil court of justice, so much more honor to the Cincinnati Presbytery.

## RETROGRADE.

The advancement of the Churches in the line of new ideas, and plans for improving the morals of the community, or alleviating suffering by organized charities, always give us pleasure to record. It is equally painful to note their retrocession. The Episcopalians have been slowly drifting toward the forms and ceremonies of Catholicism for a generation. In fact, there is no place for them between extreme Protestantism and Catholicism. They can not become the former; they must in the natural course of their evolution become Catholic. It is deplorable, but not surprising that the leading churches of the Episcopal order are becoming, or have already become, Catholics in the methods, forms, and ceremonies. In the Church of the Redeemer, New York, the celebration of masses, burning of incense, and the bearing of the crucifix and lighted candles are adied to her permanent form of worship.

## A GREAT ESCAPE.

Some four years ago Leo XIII, who is the vice-gerent of God, served sentence of excommunication upon Priest McGlynn. The sentence has been lifted by the same authority that imposed it, and the priest has been restored to his office and functions.

This evinces a paternal regard which could not have been felt by the condemned priest had he died. To an outsider it looks very queer that if God, speaking through the Pope, can damn a man in one breath and bless him in the next, he can not and does not ease up a little on the horrors of hell and the uncertainties of purgatory. The excommunicated are supposed to be lost eternally. If this supposition is correct Dr. McGlynn may congratulate himself on the greatest escape of his life.

## EDITOR STEAD CONVERTED.

To what? would be the natural question to ask. Well, to a belief in the immortality of the soul! Is that not enough, considering that he was formerly a rank Materialist? There is but one road from Materialism to a conviction in a future life, and that road is Spiritualism. Mr. Stead does not say that he is a Spiritualist. But he need not do so. He has said enough to show where he has been nights when his wife thought him at the lodge, and where we often meet such lodge (?) brethren; viz: at the seance. The following newspaper dispatch tells the whole tale:

LONDON, January 4.—The Morning publishes an interview with W. T. Stead, in which the veteran editor explains his recent experiences with spirit writing. He gave it as his conviction that before many months the immortality of the soul and the possibility of communicating with the dead would be facts established by indubitable scientific proofs.

It would seem to patriotic Americans to be in bad form for Congress to adopt a design for anything of a public nature having the cross as a part of the emblem; but the new Columbian postage stamps have two crosses rather conspicuously displayed in the engraving which represents the landing of Columbus. Our Roman Catholic citizens and the priesthood will, however, see nothing in this to criticize. It is hard to see the propriety of substituting for the head of George Washington on our postage stamps, that of an adventurer who discovered America about as much as we have discovered the man who hit Billy Patterson.

"The future of the Irish race in this country will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics."—Archbishop Ireland.

This means, of course, that Roman Catholic policies shall be incorporated in "American politics."

## OUR TRACT.

We are extremely sorry to say that we are compelled to disappoint our readers in not being able to send them the tract on "What is Spiritualism?" through the paper as promised. It has been ruled out by the postoffice department as newspaper matter. But those desiring a copy can obtain one by sending their name, address, and a stamp, and they will be accommodated through the letter department of the mails.

Read Hudson Tuttle's best story "Led to the Light."

## INSPIRATIONAL TEACHINGS.

MRS. MARY J. COLBY, RN.

### LESSON III.

Life manifested on the new-formed earth, and the scene was changed.

What is life? We know of it only what we have experienced and witnessed of its manifestations in the material and spirit worlds.

We believe life to be ever-existent, distinct, and superior to material force.

We believe the original germs of all organisms, ever known upon our planet, were lodged in the elements of which the planet is composed, and when conditions were favorable, life manifested through these germs, and organic development was the result. Our geological history gives evidence that at an early period life and growth appeared in both the vegetable and animal forms.

We learn that all history proves that life and death are followed by decay.

We ask you to follow the progressive unfoldment of vegetable life from mould and mildew through primal ferns and jungles, the records of whose existence are found in our present coal-formations; through the successive forests of beech, fir, and oak; into the fields, meadows, and orchards of our northern climes; into the spicy groves of our warmer latitudes; into the modern flower-garden where art adds her embellishments, and the rose, lily, and violet seem to have attained their perfection of floral beauty. Here on earth is paradise faintly resembling the paradise above.

### LESSON IV.

You are now prepared to study the unfoldment of life through the animal line.

In a delicate substance, which scientists call protoplasm, we find the vital germ.

With the development of nervous and arterial systems comes growth, and, we believe, the nerves of sensation.

The earlier species were of this type, corresponding to the lower forms of vegetable growth, and both adapted to the conditions of the immature planet.

On a higher plane we find an extensive range of species with well-developed organs and various powers of locomotion, all seemingly conscious of existence and capable of enjoyment and suffering.

Many of the nobler animals are possessed of sagacity and intelligence, and are capable of education and improvement.

Some of your domestic animals are almost human in their expressions of affection, joy, disappointment, etc.

Far above the noblest animal towers the race to which we ourselves belong.

We search for no dividing line between the animal and human, wherever that line may be. We transcend in the possession of superior mental faculties.

Trace the development of these faculties from their low original to your acquirements in various departments of knowledge, and our mental capabilities seem measureless.

But intellect is not the highest attribute of human nature. Super-added is the moral sentiment, conscience feebly developed at present, but gaining strength as knowledge advances, aiming for the right and leading humanity onward and upward to the establishment of equity in all the relations of life.

You have no language in which we can give what we have learned of that crowning glory of our nature, spirituality.

Throughout the historic and traditional past this power frequently manifested in visions, prophecies, and spiritual forms.

Ignorance and superstition shrouded these manifestations in mystery and gloom.

Modern science is dispelling the gloom; we are solving the mystery, and are holding intercourse with the denizens of earth through the varied phenomena called spiritual gifts.

The higher unfoldment of the spiritual nature enables the intellect, enlightens the moral sentiment, controls the passions, purifies the affections, and gives to mortals the assurance of life immortal.

[To be Continued.]

[Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

## SPIRITUALISM AND THE CHURCH.

WILL C. HODGE.

The time is near at hand when Modern Spiritualism will celebrate its forty-fifth anniversary. No one who takes a retrospective view of the past can fail to be impressed with the fact that the new philosophy of life has made wondrous strides and that thousands have by its facts and teachings been liberated from the bondage imposed by ecclesiastical authority, and are exercising their prerogative to think for themselves and form their own conclusions regarding the origin, duties, and destiny of man. And while this is true it remains a lamentable fact that the great mass of the people are still laboring with fettered brain and hands to outwork the problem of life. The masses, continually sacrificed between the two theories of Church and State, are compelled to strain every nerve and bend every energy in procuring the necessities of life to sustain the physical, and have little or no time to read or inform themselves upon the questions of the hour. Untold thousands are still the victims of a priestly power which holds them in chains of steel, and which at the behest of the Jewish Jehovah dictates what they shall even think. Many would think, did they dare, but so long as they are confronted with this idea of an angry God, a malevolent devil, and an endless hell, will continue to be the sport and prey of priestcraft, and will remain mental slaves. Lord Macaulay has said: "Not once in two hundred years, not even by accident, has the Church ever been upon the side of the people." That this is true anyone familiar with its history knows. Not only this, but the Church has never instituted a measure of reform from its earliest inception to the present time, but is still intent upon crushing out all liberty of thought and action. That many Church members are better than their creeds we know, and we rejoice in the fact that many clergymen are an exception to the general rule, and have ceased traveling in the old prescribed ruts and have become honest enough to assert their rights, and be classed among the heretics. But while this is the case, it remains an undeniable fact that the more ignorant among them are still honestly teaching the doctrine of original sin, the atonement, predestination, and eternal damnation for all who will not accept the provisions made in their gospel, while a much larger class are teaching one thing while secretly believing in another for the revenue that is in it. Men can still be found among the clergy in every community who declare it a crime, to think, and who, had they the power, would suppress every thought contrary to their cast-iron creeds, and would close the doors of every temple or hall not dedicated to the promulgation of Christian theology, while countless millions of dollars are through theological lies stolen from the homeless masses to build houses for God. Their vast properties remain untaxed, adding extra burdens to the poor and needy, they influence legislatures, courts of justice, and even compelled the Congress of the United States to do their bidding. They are using every power at their command to compel a recognition of their market day, or Sunday, which would compel every man, woman, and child to attend Church or remain prisoners in their own homes on that day. They even

boast that had they the power they would make it warm for infidels and heretics while on earth, and judging the future by the past we have no reason to doubt it.

Their attitude towards the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism is just what it was in the beginning, and no medium or speaker would remain outside prison walls had they the power to incarcerate them. They ascribe all phenomena to fraud, jugglery, or the devil, and warn their flocks against investigating the most stupendous fact of the ages at the peril of their soul's salvation. Thousands whose hearts are sorrowing and whose souls are longing for tidings of the loved and lost, are thus prevented from investigating, while thousands more who secretly believe, are prevented from expressing their honest opinions, and are compelled to lie and act a lie. Can it be that these blind leaders of the blind have ever read "Woe" unto you Scribes and Pharisees, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men, for ye neither go in yourselves nor suffer they that are ready to enter in." If this quotation does not exactly fit the case of the average theologian of the present time, won't somebody please rise and explain whom it does fit. Notwithstanding all these facts we occasionally hear from some timid soul, "Don't say anything against the Church, they are getting liberal and coming our way." This is true regarding an individual few, but it is not true of the Church. It still remains the implacable foe of all who have the temerity to step beyond its prescribed bounds, still remains the deadliest enemy of human progress and is still intent upon subverting the liberties of the people guaranteed by the constitution. All they want is to be let alone and they will accomplish their object. It behooves all who see the danger to cry aloud and spare not, ever remembering that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Rochester, Ind.

After having read "Led to the Light," by Hudson Tuttle, give it to your friends, and get them interested.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

## THE MORAL LAW.

So far a moral or spiritual law in nature has not been accorded a place in science. Wherever recognized it has been in the form of religion or sentiment, and the effects of the law placed to the credit of a personal deity. Intuitively man has always divined a power that punishes for wrong doing, but few have analyzed it as have hygienic students the law that generates disease in the physical body for an encroachment upon the same.

A law that acts on the moral nature of man and punishes for selfishness or crime is as much a fact as the law that punishes for overeating, only it has been misunderstood—misinterpreted through the ignorance of theologians and priests.

A so-called guilty conscience is not a mere sentiment, but the effect of a cause. It is to the soul what a headache is to the physical body. When a spirit or soul commits a moral wrong it is warned by an uneasy conscience, just as the body is warned by pain or disease when it transgresses a physical law. If the wrong becomes a passion, punishments will follow every act as in the former, until the soul becomes accustomed to the effects and so in love with the evil that it becomes blunted, as the habitual drunkard does. But this does not absolve it from paying the penalty when it finds that its happiness depends on getting back into harmony with the law it has violated morally, whether here or hereafter.

Spirits more keenly feel the effects of moral or spiritual law than mortals do, but the world is already full of sensitivities who feel the effects of this law as much as spirits do, and can not account for their misery.

Of course, much may be attributed to inheritance, some to their past lives, and some to their present ignorance in not knowing how to avoid a collision with this law. An unbridled tongue, jealousy, resentment, and other such uncontrollable little evils are some of the causes which produce unhappiness, though committed thoughtlessly or under the impression of being justified in the acts. Two wrongs never make a right or absolve the retaliator from the same effects that his opponent inherits or invites. Spiritual nature represents good or harmony as material nature stands for health and growth, and to be happy and healthy, therefore, man must abide by the laws of both.

How far moral law follows the transgressor into the privacy of his affairs must be learned by experience. If intelligent—and which we may infer from the fact that man, being intelligent, must have evolved from an intelligent cause—there is no telling what it can not do. But there is no doubt that the time is approaching when man will be as guarded against encroaching upon this higher law, as he is against encroaching upon physical or health laws. And as the effects of this law become better understood, morality and religion will take their places among the sciences of the world. A. E. M.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.]

## SOME GOOD ADVICE TO CATHOLICS AND OTHERS.

The Christian Register, a Unitarian paper, in a recent number thus puts the case to the Catholics of this country:

"Would it not be well for our Roman Catholic brethren to try constantly to enlarge rather than to diminish the sphere of their freedom of thought and action? Does it never occur to them to ask why it is that the world's progress in all scholarship or statescraft has left them so far behind? Why is it that Germany leads the world's scholars, and not Austria? Why is it that Catholics have had no part in the establishment of the French republic? Why is it that it was not Catholic France, but unbelieving France and Protestant America that invented the modern republic, with its liberty, equality, and fraternity? Why is it that the enterprise of the world is in the hands of Protestant England, Germany, and the United States? Does it never occur to our Catholic brethren that this doctrine of meek submission, which so often dominates even the facial expression of ecclesiastics, is destructive to independent and enterprising progress? Do they know why Catholicism, with all the enormous advantage of possession and of numbers, has, in these last two centuries been hopelessly distanced by the Protestant nations, has lost the confidence of the people in the countries where it is established, and has come to be almost a negligible factor in the story of the world's intellectual and social advance, so that it is now clear, even to the authorities in Rome, that somehow a new policy must be adopted, and old medievalism dropped?"

These are stinging words which we recognize at once as true, and may we not suggest that there is danger that Protestants may fall into the same rut. In their efforts to close the World's Exposition on Sunday, they have gone beyond the Catholics who have signified their willingness to open it on this day. While on this subject of Sunday let us add a word. The Sabbath day was originally only a holy day, or a holiday, intended for healthy and rational pleasures. It was never intended by the author who promulgated it, be it Moses, or according to Briggs and others, some other author. The Jews never kept it as the Puritans are said to have done. Christ and the apostles ignored it altogether. For health's sake a day of rest once in seven days is well enough, but let us keep it rationally, and when we do this we shall open our concert halls, libraries, world fairs, picture galleries, etc., and only ask that no one who frequents them shall conduct himself in any way so as to offend good sense, good taste, and propriety, or the rights of others. M. L. H.







## THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

Conducted by EMMA KNOX TUTTLE.

**SHE WHO IS TO COME.**  
A woman—in so far as she beholds  
Her own beloved's face:  
The children of the race:  
A body, free and strong, with that high beauty  
That comes of perfect use, is built in the red,  
And mind where reason rules over duty,  
And justice reigns with love.  
A self being, royal soul, brave, wise, and tender,  
No longer blind and dumb  
A human being of yet unknown splendor,  
Is she who is to come!  
—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.

We cordially invite contributions suitable for this department, and assure you they will receive prompt attention. Do not wait till you have something great to say; whatever is of daily interest and moment to you, will be to the members of our Club. Consider yourself one, expected to do your part in entertaining the others. Please write on one side of the paper, and address all matter for publication to Emma Knox Tuttle, Berlin Heights, Ohio.

### The Serpent Reasons Out His Own Salvation.

(LARGE IN RHYME FOR THE CREDULOUS BELIEVERS)  
MRS. J. B. BARNARD.

A little girl, one summer day, upon the green went out to play,  
She ran across a little snake and strove at once its life to take.  
The squirming, harmless, wriggling elf strove hard and long to free himself  
From heartless blows, she rudely dealt, upon his undeserving pelt.  
By tireless efforts, bravely made, endeavoring to her blows evade,  
He reached a safe place through the fence where to converse he did com-

—  
"Say, little girl, pray tell me why you so displace all such as I."  
"Your ancestor," the girl began, "was just who caused the fall of man."  
"Was he who tempted mother Eve?" "twas he who caused her heart to grieve,  
In Eden's garden, long ago, he laid a plan to bring us woe."  
Through him we first felt death and sin." "But," said the snake, "who let him in?"

"It was the Lord, who tried to see if man was good as he could be;  
To see if, tempted, he would sin, that's why he let the serpent in."  
The snake, now thoroughly amused, upon the girl in wonder gazed,  
He wisely thought it was due season that he should stop to think and reason.

—  
"My child, was it the snake that God employed his test to make?"  
Was he the tool God used to see if man to him stood loyally?

—  
Again, I ask, did not God know beforehand that 'twould happen so?  
And could he not see through his plan, and thus prevent the fall of man?

—  
I say, my child, was God so small that he could not prevent the fall?  
For if he could, and would not do it, he must have been accessory to it.  
You see at once this was God's plan, and He desired the fall of man.  
If He did not, He should be pitied, and own at once he was outwitted.  
For if the great Omnipotent with this vile scheme could be content,  
And, at the outset, let it go, we must conclude He wished it so.

—  
If any man had taken life, and in the act, used gun or life,  
Please justify him, if you can, which was to blame, the tool or man?  
And thus we reason in this case, which clears the snake of all disgrace  
He was the tool, by God employed, to see if man could be deceived.

—  
Let all who on this tale rely, and base their future hopes so high,  
Turn searching eyes forever hence, toward science, truth, and common sense.

### WOMEN ASTRONOMERS AT HARVARD.

Professor Henry Draper, the noted astronomer, passed on from his earthly labors in 1882. His wife, who was before her marriage the charming New York belle, Miss Anna Palmer, had been his constant companion and assistant in his astronomical experiments after her happy union. Desiring that the work of her husband should go on Mrs. Draper made arrangements to continue it at Harvard, under the name of "The Henry Draper Memorial."

This work is efficiently carried on by nine women, under the direction of Professor E. C. Pickering. Miss Mina Fleming is at the head of the workers, and her researches have been highly commended by scientists. Miss Mary is also a member of the memorial corps, and shows zeal and ability, which is not surprising, as she is a niece of Professor Draper. The work of these women-workers has made Harvard more thoroughly appreciate the achievements of women in astronomy, and now the university employs women as computers, and also encourages them to venture an original research.

The Draper Memorial Catalogue, which is not yet half finished, is a tremendous labor, but its conception proves Mrs. Draper to be worthy of her learned companion and will be a fitting memorial to the great scholar. Mrs. Draper has also given funds to establish an observatory in Peru, stationed high on the Andes at Chosica.

Mrs. Draper is described as being an attractive and fashionable lady, who does not forget her social duties, which she enjoys. Her forehead is broad, her eyes blue, her nose straight. She makes no hobby of astronomy, but it is her delight, although she discusses it modestly, and only for the pleasure of those who wish to be informed concerning her work.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

### MY JOURNEY.

BY CARRIE M. MAY.

Who will go with me on my journey in 1893? To the World's Fair—that wonderful fair. Is that the place to which you go in 1893? Certainly we go. The people of all the nations of the earth are to assemble there and already are considering the appointments necessary for their journey!

Surely 1893 is to be the travelers' gala year. But, oh friends of mine, it is another journey on which we are fellow-travelers, and a power which is Love divine has marked for us our shining way.

We have all arrived at a milestone marked 1893, and our happiness or disappointments have depended largely upon the kind of equipments we have provided for this marvelous journey of life. But some have already been a long time on the way, until now they can almost see the gates through which have passed all the souls of all who have lived, and they dimly see the far, faint light and listen for the low, sweet sounds, and so they hasten gladly on, hoping to find those loved and gone before within those heavenly gates.

But there are some who in 1893 have only with faltering feet joined the multitude on their way to the fair Land of Promise. Oh, white souls of children, would that your tender feet might never bleed from the cruel thorns in your pathway, or your happy eyes be dimmed by tears of sorrow.

But we are never sure about the time we shall be on the way. The time which is given us permits us to pass three score and ten mile-stones, and as we look forward and consider the obstructions, it seems such a long and weary way, and our hearts hunger for the touch of the vanished hand of those we have loved who have gone before. However, wisdom tells us, if we wish for a safe and happy journey, we should try to learn of the adventurers who have passed on and have left records of their experiences, lest without this knowledge we might stumble and fall in the dangerous places.

We find much to encourage us. As we search the annals of the past, we read of a band of travelers who were bound together in fellowship by the strong bonds of love, and they journeyed day and night toward a strange but promised land. But they were followed by the hatred and avarice of tyrants who would make them their slaves. Yet with unflinching faith they trusted in One who has power to save, and when they came to the shores of the mighty sea the waters opened,

and singing they passed dry-shod to the promised land, while their tormentors were drowned in the angry waves. Again they were fed by heavenly manna that they might not hunger.

How happy we should be to know that Love will guide our straying feet. And yet again we read of one who was thrown into prison and shining angels came and opened his prison doors and set him free. Hence we learn that though sorrows may come yet love will set us free. Very clearly from the earliest records handed down since this pilgrimage began, the story of the guiding spirits and their tender love is told and told again.

So believing the evidence of the many who record these things, we cheerfully pass the milestone of 1893, and listen earnestly for the soft voices and reach our eager hands for the tender guidance of our spirit friends. Although our travelers' garb shall be the grey robes of duty, and willing service and sacrifice of self, yet we will take with us the sparkling gems of hope and joy, and the soft folds of peace shall cover us as a mantle. But when our journey is ended the shining robe of love shall cover us and we shall pass with the multitude within the gates.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

### THE SUNDAY LAW.

MRS. FANNIE WILLIAMS.

Since the old puritanical element in society has succeeded in entering upon our statutes the observance of Sunday as a holy day, it seems becoming for a majority of the people, whose consent is required to sanction the laws that are made to inquire of the law-makers if Sunday law had its origin and received its constituted authority from the teachings of Jesus Christ, who is God's representative and head of the Christian Church.

We find that his word declared that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. He suffered his followers to eat when they were hungry, and even to perform manual labor, should an emergency arise upon the Sabbath day, showing that he considered the fitness of things in making laws for others to follow. What are the characteristics which entitle individuals or nations to the name of Christian?

Jesus taught that love is the fulfilling of the law, bringing peace on earth and good will to man in its glorified action upon human character. He taught that leaders of society in his kingdom should not aspire to the highest seats in the synagogue, or greetings in the market places, but rather give preferred attention to the lowly, to extend the hand of sympathy to the fallen, the afflicted, and poverty-stricken; to visit the widows and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the temptation of worldly greed; that whatever we would—that others should do unto us, do we even so unto them.

If we should aspire to the privilege of deciding in our own minds the form of worship which we consider the best adapted to glorify the Christian name, we should extend the same courtesy to others without controversy. It seems as if the rulers of the people must begin to realize that the intelligent forces in the realm of mind have, for a long time, been storing explosives in a magazine of thought with the elements of spontaneous combustion, lurking in every nook and cranny of the structure, just ready to burst into a blaze, causing an explosion which will scatter into fragments all intolerance, persecutions, and tyrannical rule in the old regime of law-making, preparing the majority of the people for the acceptance of the Christ-teachings of love and good will for the brotherhood of man, which must be the final law of the people or nation, whose name is Christian.

### CASTE.

There is so much good sense in the following poem that we pass over what we consider false premises and publish it, by request of Emily R. Kuch:

God made one happy pair, from whom sprang all of every nation.  
No man can claim a higher birth, whatever his rank or station;  
No patent of nobility can alter his condition—  
He only is a nobleman who nobly acts his mission.

The humble man whose brawny hands are hard with honest labor  
Is, in God's judgment, far above his vicious lordly neighbor;  
And she who in the poor man's home does earnestly her duty  
As wife and mother, ranks above a useless royal beauty.

God made us all, just as we are, one common blood he gave us;  
He left us to our kindred, and only deeds can save us;  
Titles and ranks we made by our own hands, but God's things even,  
To pauper and to king alike six feet of earth are given.

Then how absurd for us to boast of blood, and caste, and classes,  
When man in *virtuous* deeds alone his fellow man surpasses.  
God's law is spite of human rules this principle evinces—  
That right is right, and wrong is wrong, with paupers and with princes.

The vicious men of rank and ease, the conscienceless despoiler,  
Who treat with scorn, and frown upon, and rob the honest toiler,  
May feel secure from censure when their creatures defy them,  
But what will be the verdict when the Infante shall try them?

They'll find that heaven will set at naught all titles, rank, and treasure,  
And truth, and right, and honest worth will only meet the measure.  
Each man must answer for his deeds in spite of rank and splendor—  
The higher in the social scale, the greater the offender.

There is a monitor who guides the richest and the poorest,  
And he will win the highest prize whose record here is purest.  
Brothers we are—the children of one Father and Protector;  
And Death, the stern-browed monarch, is of person no respecter.  
Naked we came, naked we go, when our brief stay is over,  
And rank and titles will not move the righteous, just Jehovah.

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

### "LIVING PRINCIPLE."

MRS. MAGGIE STEWART.

How sweet it is to commune with the living principles that are within our own embrace. God has endowed each soul with an eternal principle for good.

Let us then seek for the good we may evolve from our own lives, adding to our knowledge justice, virtue, and charity, sweet charity, that comes like a white-winged messenger, laden, not with material blessings only, but with loving kindness and tenderness, that kindness which makes the soul feel akin to other souls, even those who have been less fortunate in life.

Our destiny is not in our own keeping, but is controlled by circumstances and surroundings. It is often said that fate has dealt kindly with such a one. He has succeeded in all his undertakings. He is in luck. Is it fate, luck, or circumstances which has made success for the man? The influence of circumstances is as mysterious as fate. When a man is lucky in business, his finances increase and everything he touches brings him success. Take for instance, J. Gould; financial success seemed to crown his every effort. His touch seemed phenomenally magical in a moneyed way. But the secret spring which leads to health he failed to discover. Better have health and the loving embrace of one true noble soul than all of earth's combined wealth without it. The love of the true husband for the true wife, the love of the mother for her child, are more to be prized than material wealth. Empty indeed is the heart that feels no response from an equally true noble soul, and the electrical vibrations of loving confidence and trust.

Who would find the wings of love? That one is void of all tender consideration who shuts his soul to love.

It is love which inspires admiration for the beautiful. The flowers that nestle close to the rocky cliffs of the mountain side inspire us with love and admiration. We see beautiful objects everywhere, both in the animal and the vegetable kingdoms, which call forth our admiration.

The love of the tangible material embodiment prepares us for love of the great eternal principles of life, and fits us to be one with the All-Good.

Then let us labor to attain the best that is possible in our lives, that we may be made a fit receptacle for blessings bestowed on us by loved ones who have crossed the mystic river, and, returning, touch our souls with a knowledge of the presence of loved ones gone before.

### Spiritualist Lecturers.

(Desiring that this list of lecturers should be kept correct, we request those interested to inform us of any additions or changes that may be necessary.)

Mrs. M. C. Albee, Barton Landing, Vt.  
Mrs. J. H. Allen, 317 Broadway, New York.  
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## Miscellaneous Articles

### THE JESUIT'S OATH.

I, —, now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael, the arch-angel, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy apostles St. Peter and St. Paul and the saints and sacred hosts of heaven, and to you my ghostly father, I do declare from my heart, without mental reservation that the Pope is Christ's vicar-general and is the true and only head of the universal Church throughout the earth, and by virtue of the keys of binding and loosing given to his holiness by Jesus Christ he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths, governments, all being illegal without sacred confirmation, and they may safely be destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and his holiness' rights and customs against all usurpers of the heretical or Protestant authority whatsoever, especially against the now pretended authority and Church in England and all adherents, in regard that they be usurped and heretical, opposing the sacred mother Church of Rome.

I do denounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state, named Protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates.

I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots, and other Protestants to be damnable, and those to be damned who would not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of his holiness' agents, in any place wherever I shall be and do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended power, regal or otherwise.

I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all which shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you my ghostly father.

All which I, — do swear by the blessed trinity, and blessed sacrament which I am about to receive, to perform on my part to keep inviolably and do call on all the heavenly and glorious hosts of heaven to witness my real intentions to keep my oath. In testimony whereof I take this most holy and blessed sacrament of the eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the face of this holy covenant.

### PAGAN ROME.

On Sunday evening, December 4th, a crowded church greeted the Rev. R. Hobbs to hear his address on "What We May Expect from Roman Catholic Rule." The preacher spoke from Revelation xix, 13: "And he was clothed in a vesture dipped in blood, and his name was called the word of God." In touching specially on the subject he had announced the preacher said he was not an alarmist. The signs of the times was, however, beginning to alarm him. He could not be a true follower of Christ and not speak on what he considered the welfare of the country and nation. He was not a party man. Since the Northwest rebellion he had washed his hands of partyism. The members of both parties in the house sat like dumb dogs and dared not raise their voices. He was responsible for the assertions he made. He likened the beast unto Popery; the false prophet was the Pope, the kings were the heads of nations which defended Rome. This battle had been waging since the Christian era, and in it 50,000,000 Protestants had fallen victims to Catholicism. Under three heads the martyrdom were shown. First, pagan Rome had tried to annihilate religion. She had failed and Pagan Rome, with additional light and advantages, rises up and very nearly succeeds. She comes along with the thumb-screw, the stake, the fagot, and every instrument of torture conceivable. In France the St. Bartholomew massacre had wiped out 70,000 of the best blood of France. The Jesuits—the dear men Protestants were willing to endow—had put to death over 900,000 Protestants. People at present thought they rested in security, but now the battle was raging fiercer than ever. The greatest work was not done with smoke and noise. The scheming was going on and the former days would be repeated before they knew it. In Canada they were more under the rule of the Pope than the queen. The moment the Pope issued his decree for them to go forth and slay, their next-door neighbors would be their executioners. Every vacancy in the gift of the governments was filled by Catholics. They were to expect from Catholic rule exactly what had been done in the past. Rome should have no part or place in Canada, and every Protestant should seek to make Canada a Protestant country.—*Grandford Expositor.*

### Slaughter of the Huguenots, August 24, 1572.

The atrocities, murders, and assassinations of St. Bartholomew's night, like the wholesale butcheries of the holy Inquisition, were simply the effect of the theological teaching of Romanism that "outside the holy Roman Catholic Church there is no salvation." All outsiders, heretics, apostates, Infidels, Jews, Moors, heathens, or pagans are excommunicated, anathematized and damned by the "holy" Church of Rome, and being damned, they will be damned for all eternity, and as such damned heretics, etc., are only giving scandal to the faithful children of the holy mother Church, it becomes expedient to put them out of the way, or kill them, in order to stop the great scandal. This spirit of persecution and insatiable hatred has permeated the whole history of Romanism, from the council of Nice, in 325, down to the present day; and even to-day, in this great XIX. century of international commerce and of enlightenment, it is nothing uncommon to hear many fanatical Romanists say: "I hope to live long enough to see the day when I can waste in Protestant blood up to my knees." The spirit of murder and assassination for religion's sake is manifested every day in our very midst, and all that such religious fanatics want is the political power and they will murder and assassinate and wage bloody religious wars for the honor and glory of God and the advancement of their "holy" Roman Catholic Church in every country of the globe. No religion is true that will fill its adherents with a desire for blood and persecution. May the twentieth century bring in a purer and holier religion for the future generations.—Prof. Geo. P. Rudolph, Ph. D., ex-priest.

### MOHAMMEDAN TEMPERANCE.

The comparison of the great religions and the ethical teachings of their leaders, will dispel the self-complacent delusion that anyone system has all the truth and is immeasurably superior. In the *Cosmopolitan* a Persian writer claims for the prophet of Arabia the most absolute prohibition pledge and proves his words by the following quotation from the writings of Mohammed: "If a single drop of liquor should be dropped in a well or cistern that is one hundred yards deep; if afterward the cistern should be filled up with earth, and if the grass should grow on the top and be eaten by a lamb or sheep, then my followers must not touch that mutton. The great, absolute, total-abstinence prohibitionist in the world was the prophet of Persia."

Written for the LIGHT OF TRUTH.

### THE FOREST.

BERTHA J. FRENCH.

Under a blue web of Summer sky—see that poem of living green. Mile after mile stretches this forest centuries old. Vast beyond imagination's ken; unexplored, trackless! Over it broods silence profound as the sleep of the grave; through it thrills the silent whispers of God. The poet approaches it with the swift wing of thought, the Druids and Gnomes are sporting with the zephyrs of Summer. Look at that group of trees! How strong and graceful! They are like beautiful words that give the music to the poem. See that tree, twisted and ugly; how it mars the rhythm. But around the ugly and the beautiful the sun throws a margin line of gold.

The spirit of Autumn breathes through the forest, she touches the green draperies with her red lips and the forest is aflame. What a magnificent poem of crimson and gold glowing under a sapphire sky. Through it floats the rich elixir of Autumn, it is thrilling with whispers of God. The poet approaches it with the soft wing of thought. The Gnomes and Druids are pensive with the sweet pensiveness of Autumn, but look, see the gay leaves borne away in the arms of the wind. The naked trees with their upward extending branches, seem in supplication to the sky. All is brown, bleak, and bare. But around it the sun throws a margin line of gold.

The white-robed spirit of Winter hovers o'er the forest. Soft swirling snow-flakes cover the bare branches with a fleece of snow. The Gnomes and the Druids asleep in white draped cradles are dreaming of Spring. Above is a gray sea of sky broken by islands of white clouds. All is cold, silent, and sublime, the spectre of death winds through the forest. The forest is dreaming of life, eternity, immensity. The thought of the poet shrinks back in awe. But through the white majestic stillness, thrill the silent whispers of God, around it the sun throws a margin line of gold. Through the poem of life, through space, stars, and suns are thrilling the silent whispers of God, around all shines the margin line of his love.

### THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

Mgr. Satolli, whose mission has created no little speculation, has come clothed virtually with all the powers of a pope. He is, in fact, the Pope, with power to settle, without appeal, all questions arising in the Church within the United States. "This announcement causes a sensation in Catholic circles," says the *New York World*; "it ought to cause a sensation in the breast of every true American. This gentleman has already issued his manifesto, 'on the settling of the school question,' to the Church, in the form of an address to the archbishops. Never before was the danger of the public schools so plainly stated. This is its key-note:

"To the Catholic Church belongs the duty and the divine right of teaching all nations to believe the truth of the gospel and to observe whatever Christ commands. In her likewise is vested the divine right of instructing the young in so far as theirs is the kingdom."

After this stupendous assertion it is simply petting to attempt to show, as the vice-Pope does, how the schools may be made so that Catholics may patronize them? He thus speaks of the public schools:

"In the public schools a purely secular education is given, inasmuch as it excludes all teaching of religion. Teachers are chosen indiscriminately from every sect and no law prevents them from working the ruin of youth, so that they are at liberty to instill errors and the germs of vice in tender minds. Likewise, certain corruption seemed to impend from the fact that in these schools, or at least in many of them, children of both sexes are brought together for their lessons in the same room."

Even the co-education of the sexes is regarded as immoral, and, in short, everything that enters into the present system of education is bad. To the vice-Pope there is only one school to be tolerated and that is a Catholic school, superintended by priests, where religion is first and last. The arrogance and dictatorial language of this address ought to arouse every lover of his country to a burning sense of the threatening danger, which we regard as far more than any other political issue before the country. What is it if we have high or low tariff or free-trade; a gold or silver currency; to the existence of the free schools where knowledge is taught, and the dogmatic priestcraft of the dark ages forbidden entrance?

### DOUBLE EDGED.

Judge, aside from caustic wit, sometimes sandwiches a bit of wisdom into its keenest thrusts. The following item is apparently written as a sneer at spiritual manifestations, and as such has a grain of provocation, inasmuch as there are frauds, as all admit, but in a great majority of cases the more "light" there is the clearer the evidence of spirit presence.

"They are still turning on the light at spirit seances and discovering that the medium officiates as the materialized dead person. But they have been doing this for thirty years at least, and the main result is more spiritists and more bogus mediums. Faith comes of a determination to believe the thing you want to believe, and in the ranks of both the orthodox and the heretics there are few who propose to be convinced against the ardent desire that runs the other way. The humbug merely helps the principle he satirizes. He is the exception that proves the rule. If there is no principle and no common sense in the question, that is nothing to faith, which is stronger the less it has to do with facts and little things like that."

Judge would not offend the Churches, but this talk about faith applies with tenfold emphasis to all the doctrines and creeds taught by them. Shall we believe the witty journal is whipping them over the back of Spiritualism? All that the item contains about "faith" is true, and just what Spiritualists admit, for they replace faith by knowledge gained by demonstration.

### Mourning the Loss of a Convert.

A Jersey City preacher made it the subject of a sermon to whine over the fact that a negro murderer, who had declared himself a Protestant during his trial, turned Catholic just before being hanged, and charges the jailer with having used his position to force this murderous gentleman into Romanism. Why Protestantism should mourn the loss of a convert of this nature is a puzzle. Such characters fit better into the bloody Catholic heaven than they do into the Protestant heaven, considering the blood attached to Roman Catholicism. Like attracts like, and thus the desire of bloody murderers to find comfort in its bloody bosom. Let the Romanists have all the gallow's-fruit there is to be had. Besides that, it is very inconsistent to condemn un-baptized innocent babes, or good men like Washington, Lafayette, Tom Paine, and Ingersoll to hell because they can not believe theological bosh, and then admit murderers into heaven because they profess to believe it after having done all the harm they could to mankind. Such pulpit antics make one awfully tired.

Among the prominent members of the world's family who laid down their mortal usefulness during 1892 are: The Khedive of Egypt, Cardinal Manning, C. H. Spurgeon, Justice J. P. Bradley, Cyrus W. Field, Amelia B. Edwards, James Russell Lowell, Walt Whitman, John G. Whittier, Alfred Tenyson, Geo. Wm. Curtis, Ernest Renan, and Jay Gould.

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